

ROLLERDERBY

Rollerderby readers - they can't get laid,* and they can't spell it either.

* except for Laurielle

Lisa--

A photo from my prom night...no underwear, of course! And yes, I did suck cock in the parking lot...and at the after-party...tit-fucking by the pool--a lot of pearl necklaces on that creamy skin...I wish you'd been there to lick it off!

You're in my dreams.

Love---
Laurielle

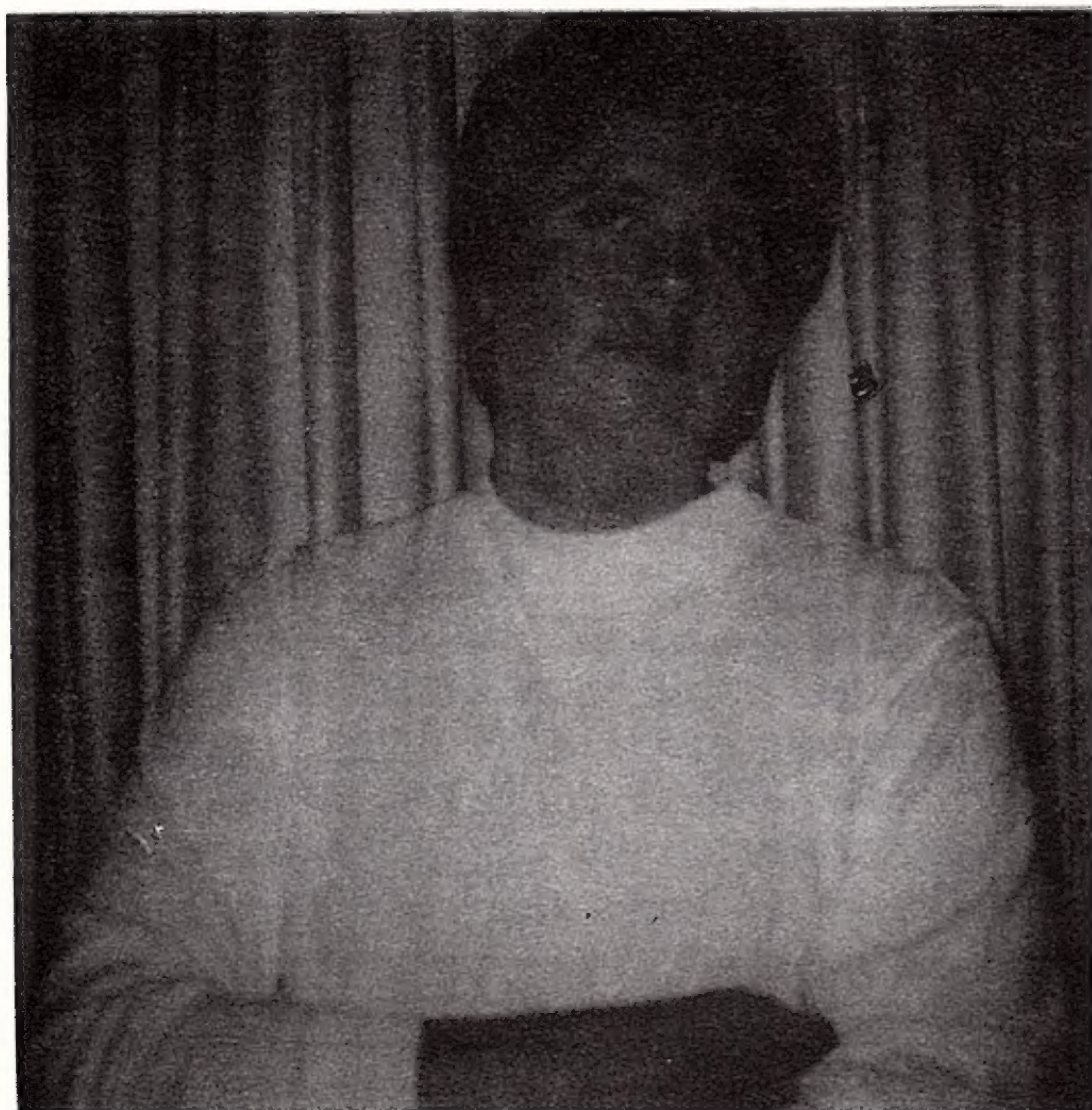
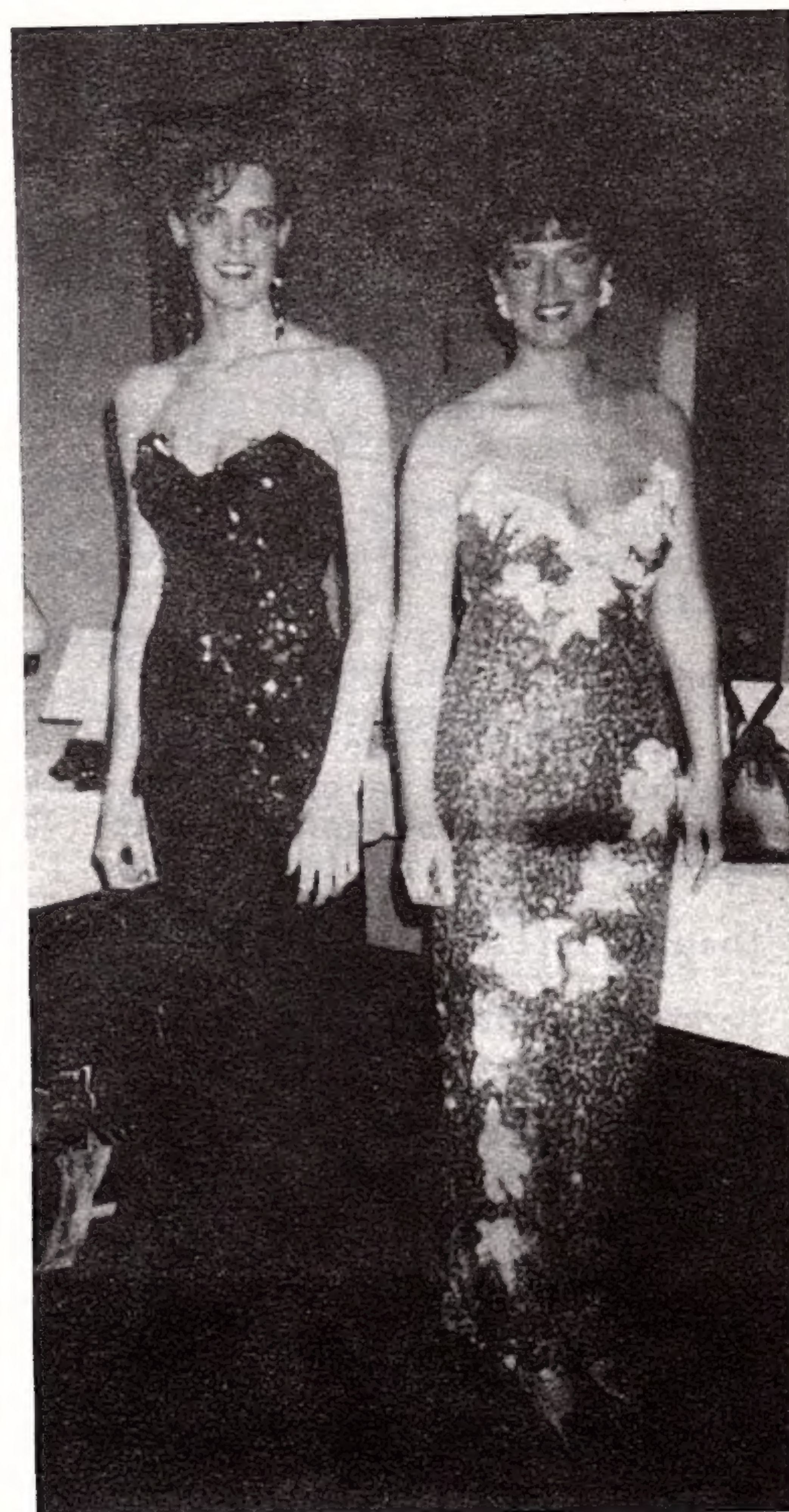
Dear Laurielle!

Hello--my name is Brad. I read your letters to Lisa in her Rollerderby magazine--hopefully you've seen my letters in there too.

Gosh, you are something else! I have got to meet you! I was pretty turned on reading your letters. Where are you located? I've been looking all my life for a wild woman like yourself--to no avail. So I write sex fantasies about Lisa and send them to her, because

(cont. on pg. 2)

← Brad



ISSUE # 3 FALL 1991

* Inside :

* CHRISTINA *

* REGINA *

* & *

* TOD THE BOD *

she's a MEGA-BABE. She does have succulent legs, doesn't she? Everything about her gets me hard. I got to see her do a show here and she was completely nude and wet just a few feet in front of me--and I couldn't do anything! Oh what a nut-crusher.

So I think we should get together somehow. Write. Call. Talk. Meet. Kiss. Suck. Fuck.

I have outrageous sexual fantasies that I guarantee are worth travelling for! All that repressed energy could be cumming all over you should you so desire!

Please, please call me at (612) 645-2635 and write to 1480 W. California Ave./ Falcon Heights, MN 55108. We have to get together! Please contact me and we'll climax til we die!

Lustfully,
Brad Smith

Brad--

I'm Laurielle Miller--which you should know from reading Rollerderby. I'm 22--and I'm 5'10", 34C-23-34, 119 lbs., blonde hair, grey-blue eyes. I'm an artist--primarily pen-and-ink, though I do paint as well.

Sexually--I'm...a slut. I lost my virginity at 13. I'm very sexual--and very bi-sexual. That you should have figured out from my letters to the lovely and delicious Lisa.

By the way--I don't wear underwear. I don't even own a bra.

I can spend hours caressing myself. In front of a mirror sometimes. Or with a Corona bottle--my favourite toy. My bladder is very much an erogenous zone. I love piss games.

You might want to re-consider your beard. You'd look better without it...

Write me. Send me fantasies. Make them complex, intricate and dark. Tell me what you'd like to do to Lisa. What you'd like to see Lisa do with me. Write soon. Something full of detail. Something to make me feel like a slut.

dark dreams--
Laurielle

Lisa darling: I know nothing about you but I've to get your and Helen's nude photos. I can't live without photos of you and Helen 'cos I know you both have sexy thighs, black and lustful cunt, massive tits, cute nipples, nice ass etc. Wasn't these reasons good enough? But if you don't dare to send a nude one--can you send some with your clutches on, but please: not much clutches!

Take Care
Ilkka Turunen

Hello Lisa,

This hideous trend, seriously, must stop. I'm talking about FREEDOM! You should really try something TRULY daring!! I'm speaking of repression! For how can you truly become Free when you are unlimited in your freedoms? The desires you obviously have are for: exhibitionism, creative expression and just plain shock appeal. These are all well and good in their place--it just so happens that their place is in history; in other words what you are doing is redundant and boring, not as you believe, shocking or particularly expressive. I recently read an article that stated that (in so many words) when you repress your innermost desires they become so strong that they can take over your thoughts completely (hence the

THE
TRUTH
ABOUT

LISA
SUCKDOG

by bill callahan

SHE'S WILD



"IS THAT A BEER,
BILL?! THAT
MAKES TWO IN
ONE WEEK!
P. U.!"

SHE'S OUTRAGEOUS



SHE WALKS A MILE TO
THE BANK WITH HUMAN
TELLERS BECAUSE SHE'S
TOO AFRAID TO USE THE
AUTOMATIC TELLERS
HALF A BLOCK FROM
OUR APT.

SHE'S SEXY



AND FINALLY, I'D
LIKE TO SAY THAT
DESPITE WHAT YOU
MAY THINK YOU SAW
IN THE LAST FRAME,
LISA SUCKDOG DOES
NOT WEAR AND
NEVER HAS WORN
GLASSES

drama of the Fall of Jimmy Swaggart & Jim Bakker). If you were to try to be a good girl--I mean really try--then you could experience a true transformation & become the hideous demon you are trying to communicate, so poorly, to the world.... I hope you understand what I'm trying to say to you. I do, Lisa, applaud your efforts but they are, sadly, lacking in originality & execution. When you portray these particular "acts" on stage you are, in essence, exorcizing your demons. Think how powerful you could become (spiritually & otherwise) if you learned DISCIPLINE & CONTROL over your mind! My God woman you are on the verge of a revolution!

Best Wishes,
Kurt F. Davis

Kurt- I really think you should reconsider your beard. -LC

LATE BREAKING RECORD REVIEW

No Artists: "A Tribute To Billy Joel"

10 tracks, all silent.

LISA: Who would buy that?

BILL: Who would put it out?

LISA: But who would want to own it?

BILL: Yeah, but who would spend thousands of dollars to press it?

LISA: Who would spend \$7 to buy a copy?

BILL: No, it's \$6.66.

LISA: Oh.

Dear Lisa,

I couldn't find the song you wanted but I consulted our resident disco expert Johnny Ratt. Johnny literally keeps files of reserch information regarding pimps, disco, blackxsploitation films, and the black experiance in the 70's. He's on the trail of the legendary pimp Iceberg Slim. The closer he gets the more people tell him he's in a lot of danger and that meeting Slim is not what he wants to do! Johnny says he has GG Allin's first album (autographed) back when GG was a blonde Glamrock pretty-boy! He says it sucks.

Peace--
Coz

Lisa Suckdog--

I know yr a loser. You should of been the centerfold.

(unsigned)

That's it. That's the whole letter. I don't get it - this guy spent 29¢ of his money to tell me this.

GRAMMAR LESSON

YR is not a word. I don't know why Byron Coley uses YR, but he does and always has. That is no reason for you to commit this grammar faux pas, Rollerderby Readers. From now on, when corresponding with me, use the following: 1. YOU'RE - a contraction of "you" and "are" ie. "You're a loser."

2. YOUR- to show something belongs to the pronoun "you" ie. "I want to fuck your twot."

P.S. "You should of been" - NO.

"You should have been" - VERY GOOD.

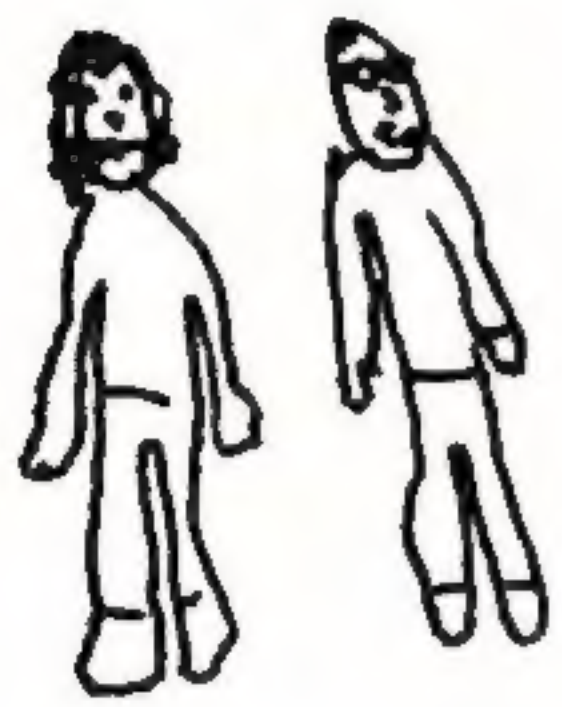
Lisa--

Last night I got a call from a friend who asks if I know a L. Suckdog from N.H. I don't actually know her, I say, but it's funny you should ask cause I ordered some Suckdog merchandise before X-mas that has yet to arrive. Here's where it gets interesting. My friend Henry works at Blue Mound Bowl. One of the waitresses comes in and says "Hank you should see what my daughter got in the mail. The two most disgusting things I've ever seen." She proceeds to pull out a package addressed to me with the address 226 60th instead of 2226 60th. Hank looks at the stuff--getting a large charge out of em--replies "I don't see what's so bad about it" and the waitress/mother says well that figures and you're disgusting. Henry then whisks the package away and proceeds to take a poll on the general public that either frequents or works at The Bowl. All but one polled said Rollerderby was disgusting. One 1/4 of those said it was the most disgusting thing they'd ever seen. 1/2 of those who said it was disgusting came back for a second look--sort of like the average person's reaction to bad accident photos. The one who didn't say it was disgusting wondered where he could get a copy. The legion of S.dog faithful is growing.

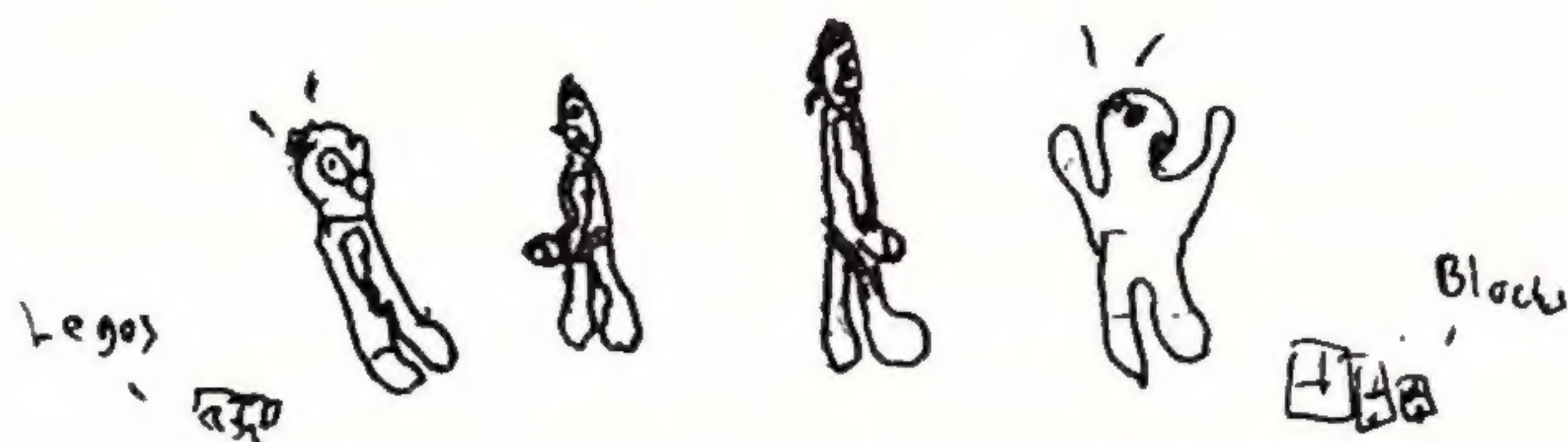
XXOO

Wayne Kuske

GG Allin and I have
Never been friends



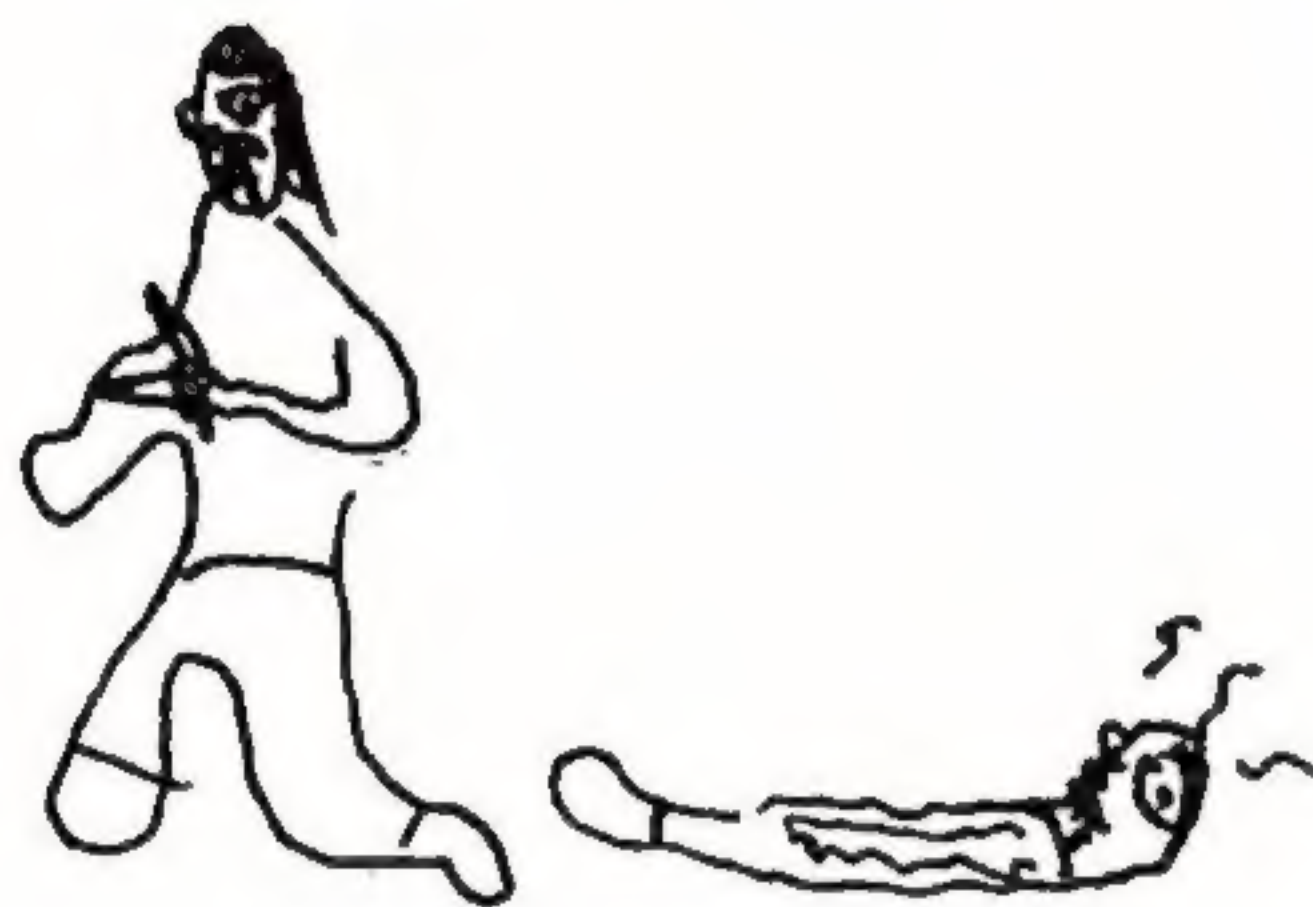
As young children we
did not go around together
Exposing ourselves to
our classmates



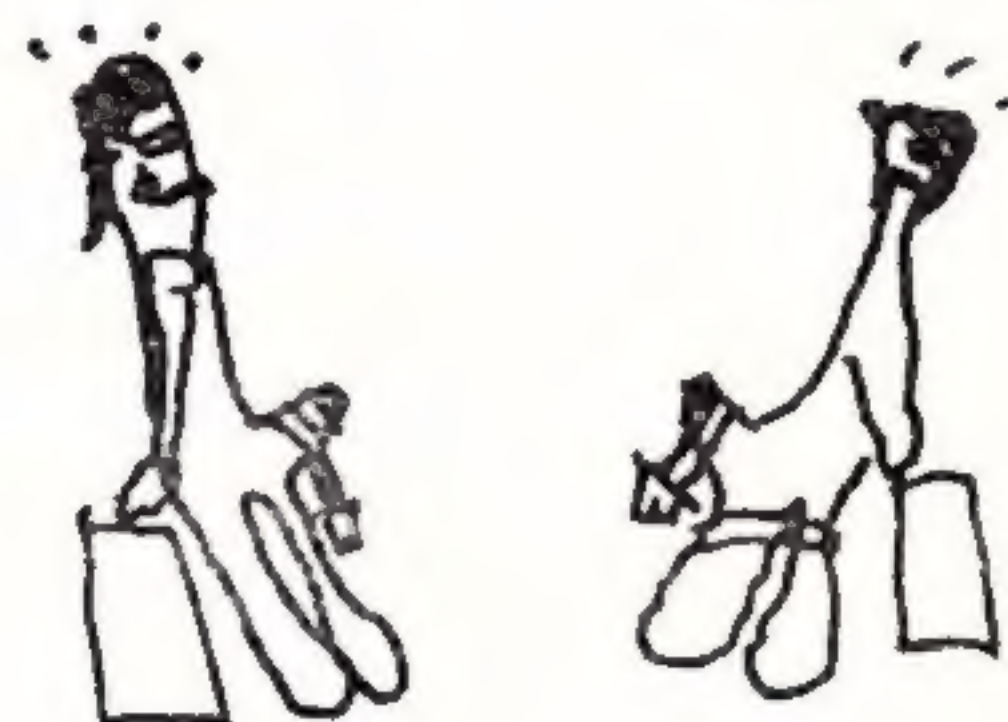
Later as young
adults we did not
Capture our classmates
in the bathroom and
Smear them w/ their
Own shit



We never shot
heroin together



We never drank
huge draughts of wine
and then tied belts around
each other's penises so we
couldn't pee



We never bowed
down to the Sacred
vomit of filth
together



by Matt Shawkey, for Tim

Lisa,

Our name in California will be The Heterosexuals. We hopefully won't have one queer cell in our bodies out there, just woman & whisky. I'm going to grab every woman I see (if I don't vomit first), and force myself to tell them how beautiful they are and how big my cock is. It will be sickening. I really want to play at a place called The Fuck Club just for the name.

I just got a letter from Aes Nihil & Glen saying how they are very opposed to alcohol use, so I might call begging you to come out to California to be my wife. If Glen tries to make this husband stop drinkin, she's in for a surprise, this is going to be a rocky marriage.

Brett

Lisa,

Is it true? Were you married? That's cool. I was engaged but I panicked when my fiance's mother said, "I hope you build a house close to mine." Those words drove me straight into the arms of another woman.

I was a kept man for a couple years,

by a physical therapist lady. She gave me a car, credit card and tons of cash--all I had to do was fuck her twice a day. I finally decided I should do something with my life in case her money ran out, so I started school. She got mad and started seeing this middle age rock'n' roll icon--at least in Buffalo. I was crushed. She left me carless, cashless and credit cardless. What's more, because of the frequency of our sexual activity, I developed prostatitis and consequently, chronic sialitis.

I almost died on the streets of New York. I went to visit a friend in the Village, but he moved like three days later, so I didn't have a place to stay or any money. After four days, I was 115 lbs, and I'm 5'11". Finally, I begged enough money to buy two pieces of Ray's World Famous pizza and I lived. I met up with an old friend. She fed and fucked me and I was happy. Then she introduced me to one of her friends, a short Jewish guy, who was watching Uma Thurman's and Gary Oldman's apartment while they were in England. So there I was, fucking on Uma's bed (there were ropes on all bed posts!) and drinking her St. Pauli Girl's beer; a

couple of days ago, I was almost a corpse. Anyway, this rich Jewish bastard keeps shooting his mouth off: "Uma looks good in her movies, but in person she's not that striking." I'm thinking fuck him, she has lots of food and a soft bed, shut up. She also has books by Crispin Glover, how can anyone complain? So he's goin' on and on in a drunken lecture mode and eventually gets around to bustin' on me for being out of cash--I think he was also jealous I was fucking his friend. Finally, he passed out just when I was starting to get pissed but I didn't want to punch him when he was asleep. This was right after my prostate surgery, so if I fucked too much it would get irritated and bleed. I went into the bathroom and jerked off, leaving a bloody load in his travel sized conditioner. Such is life in the big city.

Another time I almost died was after my band opened for those crazy pretty boys of straight edge Uniform Choice. The show was in one of the more dangerous sections of Buffalo, Guidos and unfriendly black gentlemen. Anyway, after our set I was burnin' up, so I busted out the back door for some air. Two punk babes greeted me and wanted me to give an interview for their fanzine but my voice was destroyed, so I motioned them to follow me down the

street to the steps of a church. They sat down and I was catching my breath when an Eldorado pulled up, full of what could best be described as Niggas Wit Attitude. The driver shouted, "Hey motherfucker" and locked a .357 mag on my chest. I thought to myself, what a cocksucker, and in the least intelligent move of my life I walked toward them grumbling something about giving them a beating if they shoot me. The driver said, "Look it dat crazy white crackhead," and they drove off. But I did really impress the babes and eventually fucked them both; not together though.

I gotta go eat,
Robert Lamoreaux

Howdy Lisa,

I've been playing in a band called Teen Lube and running around campus in the cold. I hurt myself really bad Friday but didn't feel it until Saturday. My fingers are open sore blisters and my arms are badly bruised. I punched a boy I liked because he was working on a blonde airhead. I gave her mean looks and now I think he is afraid to talk to me. I think I am in love with my roommate Lynn but I'm scared to touch her. Love can cause one to become irrational

5

ROYAL TRUX

RTX

TWIN INFINITIVES ROYAL TRUX

16 21

TWIN L.P.s AVAILABLE NOW

Drag City Records
P.O. Box 476867
Chicago, ILL. 60647

and violent and crazy. I can't wait to come to N.H.

Love,
Rebecca Lentricchia

NEW HAMPSHIRE is a funny place.

Police log

What a
guy at
my job
said:
"I told
every-
one
they
better
not get
me no
sweater
for
Christ-
mas.
Not the
shit
they
got
this
year.
Goddamn
four,
five
colors
in them.
I ain't
no fag-
got."

2:39 a.m. - An intoxicated man is plucked from near the chicken farm on Chestnut Hill Road. Kevin L. Peek, 24, is put in the pokey.

9:10 a.m. - At the station a member of the Plante family report some weed has stolen a bike.

9:36 a.m. - A hydrant on Summer Street leaks into the news.

4:13 p.m. - On Walnut Avenue, East Rochester, four citizens are seen with bats. (The Dracula family?)

6:56 p.m. - Pot holes pop up on Estes Road.

10:00 p.m. - A loud party irks at 57 Congress St.

10:08 p.m. - A fight near 90 Main St., East Rochester, gives cell No. 2 an inmate.

10:43 p.m. - Loudness is still a theme at 57 Congress St.

11:23 p.m. - Rochester Mall parking lot is cleared and, five minutes later, Brooks Drug parking lot is also free of loiterers.

Waters now, and "Nick Lowe", it was a great show, we did good. The auditorium was full and we got great applause. Then we broke up! What shit!!! In 1985 I was in a band with "Tim Hagar" Sammy's cousin, we were the "Blues Addicts", and we broke up. But "Voom Doom" has been in the works since 1984, and we won't quit till we make it or die trying. We have a full P.A. and monitors and mic stands etc. We need to put out a cassette and CD and a video. Can you help us, dear rich ladys????

--Dick Beet (408) 335-9557

P.S. Get us on the road and maybe we will let you sing and dance on stage with us on tour.

Dick - well, OK, but only if we can open for the Jello Biafra spoken word tour. -L.

Lisa, I live in an hotel cheap and weird in New York City. I

pay \$100 a week. Lots of immi- grants--non-American blacks and hispanics. This morning I've been sexually attacked by a drunk (very drunk) black woman in the elevator. I live at floor 18th so she had time. She directly grabbed my balls and tried to open my pants and kiss me. I kissed her but she was so frightening looking sick and skin- ny so I pushed her away and say "that's it." Then the elevator stopped somewhere in the middle and she jumped out

on some black guy waiting outside. The door closed and I went down alone to 1st floor. Next week I plan to move to an even cheaper hotel. There are hotels for \$6 a night on the Bowery near Chinatown. Here live the "leftovers" people of America: sick people, old people, bums, coloured immigrants and me. Strange enough I've noticed that junkies have their own shitty place. They don't mix with real poor people. At night in my hotel prostitution in the bathrooms I go to pee--I see: 2 woman-shoes in front of a closed place to shit with a red lipstick in one shoe and noise inside?!

Jean-Louis

Dear Lisa Suckdog,

I am typing this letter as I listen to your record "Drugs Are Nice", and I can't believe that you managed to get national distribution of this album. Maybe you are a couple of rich little girls that have nothing better to do with their money than to put out wild acid-induced albums, but if you want to put out a "Voom Doom" album then you will make lots more money, and if you wanted to manage us, you will be in the limelight as well. My name is "Dick Beet", I play drums and I wrote all the songs on this "Voom Doom" copyrighted tape. The guitarist is "Les Mess", he is killer. We live close to Santa Cruz, and let me tell you it really sucks around here. We played a biker party and it was O.K. but they kept telling us to turn it down as they sucked and wuffed down their roast sucking pig on a spit.

Now a little history about myself. My first band was in 1968 "Burgandy Sunset", and we did Pink Floyd covers off Piper At the Gates of Dawn. Between 1968 and 1977 I was in lots of different cover bands. We got to warm up "Angry Somoans", "Social Unrest", "Dead Kennedys", and then we broke up, it pissed me off!!!! We were so close to the brass ring. Then in 1982 I formed "Wendy and Those Guys", I wrote some of the songs, we were hard rock. We warmed up "Eddy and the Tide", "Paul Corrack" who plays with Rodger

Dear Rachel,

Here I am in New York City, the big grapefruit. We're staying uptown in a Puerto Rican neighborhood. The people on our street are outside all day long, drinking beers out of paper bags, shooting craps, playing checkers, dancing. Music comes out of all the windows and passing cars. Harlem, a few blocks away, is a wonderland. There's one shop that is supposedly a candy store but is really an unlit basement with a pool table. Another shop, supposedly a record store, is the home of three men in cages. Another shop is called "Reverence of a Black Jesus". I wanted to buy a picture for you of Jesus with a big afro, but the shop keeper looked like he wanted to kill me, so I left. There was a headless chicken in the gutter.

Downtown, "wild" people in boots are rampant: all these guys getting totally smashed on like 65 beers, and then doing stuff like licking the sidewalk and cool stuff like that.

Other New York City highlights: scraggly parks crawling with people like ants over a dropped popsicle; those yellow taxicabs that really do try to run you over; and about a billion smoky nightclubs.

On the subway, the people sitting across from or beside me are always systematically picking their noses. It's gross. Yesterday this guy peed onto the seat next to mine, and then this other guy growled at me and pawed the floor with his foot and informed me of his intention to eat my ass.

The cat in this apartment, Ajax, is a real New Yorker. We played a record of lion noises to try to give him some culture, you know--show him his roots--and he just put his butt in our face and jumped onto the windowsill where he could hear city traffic.

I'll be home soon.

Love, Lisa

Die Lisa!

Well shit, heard about your 'zine --sounds enticeing, so I'm sending you a copy of my 'zine 'Brain Snot' plus a buck in trade for it. I also do a 'zine called 'Godvomit', but I'm really trying to form a legion of sicko's to take over the world and turn it into a sodom--ooooo--scary!!! Well, I gotta go now--I gotta go fuck my sister and douche out my mouth. So...take it hard, have a bad one, break a neck, take hatred--but don't take mine, douch

with holy water, and fuckin' rot, sister!

P.S. I know that you would never do anything with me, for I am far too ugly, but when you die...I'll be there...and that night, I will come to you, and steal you from your earthly grave. I'll kiss your lips, forceing my tongue to break through the thread, and cup your breast. I'll kiss down to your neck, running my fingers sensually around your unresponsive nipple. My hand slides down into your pants as I kiss you down to your treat, thrusting my tongue deep, then spreading your cold lips apart to suck your clit, eat you to my hearts content, then come up to slide into you, penetrateing your chilled cunt; no maggots to chew on my dick this time, as I slide in and out of you, unlubricated, faster and faster. But I pull out--I want more, so I turn you over and slide into your asshole. As I start moveing, the skin rips on me, blood mixes with enbalming fluid--now I'm lubricated as I move faster, and finally cum deep in your ass. Maggots form in the sludge over the years, but still I return on our annæversary, till their is nothing left to fuck. Later, Jason Beck/603 Toby Ln /Conroe TX 77301

BACK ISSUES (if you know what I mean)

- Rollerderby #1 10 pgs. A small and unassuming beginning. Letters from Laurie The Prostitute, and a mystifying Coz The Shroom interview make this worth \$1.50.
- Rollerderby #2 20 pgs. 'My Early Sexual Experiences' by L. Suckdog, record cover reviews, and interviews with Sebadoh and Vaginal Creme Davis and Miss Glenda Meadmore. \$2.50
- Rollerderby #3 is what you're holding right now. It's \$2.50.
- Rollerderby #4 will be out in winter 1991, and will be \$2.50. All prices post-paid.

Suckdog ♡ 28 pgs. of S.dog photos, reviews, and stories. \$2.50
Checks payable to: Lisa Carver*PoBox 1491*Dover, NH 03820*USA

From

Pussy Galore

To

Pussy Whipped



CHRISTINA
REGINA

and amour
Jon Spencer

photo: M. Levine

You know, that's really not a nice title. I don't mean anything against Jon--I have always admired his music (and you know I don't like hardly anything), and I liked him when I talked to him earlier. He seemed awkward (in a New Hampshire way) and surprisingly modest. But that Christina just ruffled my feathers, and brought out all my cattiness. I asked what the Boss Hog song 'Duchess' was about, and Christina answered: "It's about me, I'm the Duchess. That's Queen, baby." My fangs and claws grew two inches. I was rude in the interview, and I would like to apologize to Christina. I must say, she took my insults quite well, and never displayed bad etiquette herself. And I believe her that she is a woman that would say the truth. She kind of mumbles through her songs, though.



I WENT TO THE BATHROOM, AND ENTERED THE STALL CHRISTINA HAD JUST EMPLOYED.

LISA: Christina, you got the seat wet! What do you do--squat?

CHRISTINA: Yeah.

LISA: Forwards or backwards?

CHRIST: Forwards if I have a skirt on.

LISA: That's funny.

CHRIST: Want some tequila?

LISA: (emerging from the stall) One time I ate the worm at the bottom of the bottle. To kill ya...That's nice. So tell me from the very beginning, step by step, about the time you beat Jon up.

CHRIST: Well, we're not really jealous of each other or anything like that. Pretty much, if I want to have sex with someone, I do, and he does as well. Well, he was into this girl and we were all tripping together, and I got sick of it and I left, and I thought he would follow me home but he didn't. So like two hours later I called up this girl's house and said "If you don't come home within an hour, you're dead." So he came home, and I had this really old frying pan and I really went at him with it. But he liked it!

LISA: Did you chase him all over the house?

CHRIST: Well, yeah, all over our 2X4 studio.

LISA: What happened in the end?

CHRIST: In the end, he came crawling back, as usual.

LISA: Really crawling? On his hands and knees, on the floor?

CHRIST: Sure.

LISA: Oh my goodness.

CHRIST: Well, you know, he can't live long without me.

(We talk about Pussy Galore.)

CHRIST: No, I think it was Jon's great idea. I think Jon had a really great idea.

LISA: What was his idea?

CHRIST: Pussy Galore.

LISA: I mean, what was the idea behind PG?

CHRIST: (slightly exasperated at your editor's slowness of mind) Well, I don't know if there was any idea behind it. I guess it's just sort of just he wanted to do something and got out there and did it. I don't think it was contrived or anything. Boss Hog is strictly mine and Pussy Galore is 100% Jon Spencer--it's nobody else's. He'll give credit to everyone for doing this or that, and I can't discredit them, because it's not my thing, it's not my place to

either. But, objectively seeing it, I think it's strictly Jon's vision, and everyone he had in the band was sort of a tool to get what he wanted done.

LISA: I wonder if Neil Haggerty would disagree with that.

CHRIST: Neil Haggerty might.

LISA: In your opinion, Christina, does Neil have a big ego?

CHRIST: Definitely. But he has his good points as well.

LISA: How about Jennifer?

CHRIST: We grew up together. She's a completely different person now--she's sort of a Neil Jr. now.

LISA: She seems really different from other girls I know, her femininity is...um...her image seems to have a unisex soul.

CHRIST: Well. She hasn't always been that way.

LISA: Were you guys in the advanced, smarty-pants classes together?

CHRIST: (short laugh) I don't know. I don't know that Jennifer was.

LISA: What are the differences between Pussy Galore and Boss Hog?

CHRIST: I like to think that Boss Hog is a lot more passionate. A lot more group-inspired.

LISA: So what do people think of you, Christina?

CHRIST: I think most people react pretty adversely to me, don't like me very much at all. Most people that I know end up hating me. Except for boys. Boys like me.

LISA: Why do boys like you?

CHRIST: Take a guess.

LISA: (thinks hard) 'Cause you're good-looking?

CHRIST: Well, I don't know. Mostly...I guess I'm nicer to them.

LISA: So, girls treat you bad because they're jealous?

CHRIST: I don't know why. Boys are usually not condescending. They're very nice, very flirtatious.

LISA: I didn't like you when I first met you. I thought you were pompous.

CHRIST: See, there you go.

LISA: I'm not so sure now.

CHRIST: What do you think I am now?

LISA: Maybe you're just exactly aware of your attraction, not overly aware.

CHRIST: Don't you think it would be overly aware if you put yourself on your record cover naked?

LISA: I did that! You don't know the reasons someone might have for doing it--to sell the

record, or just because they like their body.

OTHER GIRL IN THE BATHROOM: I think that would be pompous.

LISA: I enjoy just looking at nice bodies, and bad bodies too. I enjoy bodies. They're always interesting.

CHRIST: That's true. Why did you think I'm pompous?

LISA: Well, arrogant would have been a better word. When you and Jon and I were talking earlier, it seemed like you wanted it to be very clear that you are in control and you have "Jon Spencer" and you have Boss Hog.

CHRIST: But I do have all those things.

LISA: Yes, but a lot of people would want to not brag about it.

CHRIST: (getting a little hot under the collar) Oh ho, well, I guess.

LISA: You look like...um...

CHRIST: (in a better mood now) Someone always says this to me! Don't tell me you think I look like Julia Roberts!

LISA: Yeah, you do. You have that same tight-skin face. I like you better now. I didn't like you when you were with Jon, but I like you better in the Girl's bathroom. You know, I think I really like you, I'm not sure. I think I might.

CHRIST: (laughing) Oh good! I'm pleased to meet you!

LISA: Are you really?

CHRIST: Yeah!

LISA: Would you say the truth?

CHRIST: Yeah, I would.

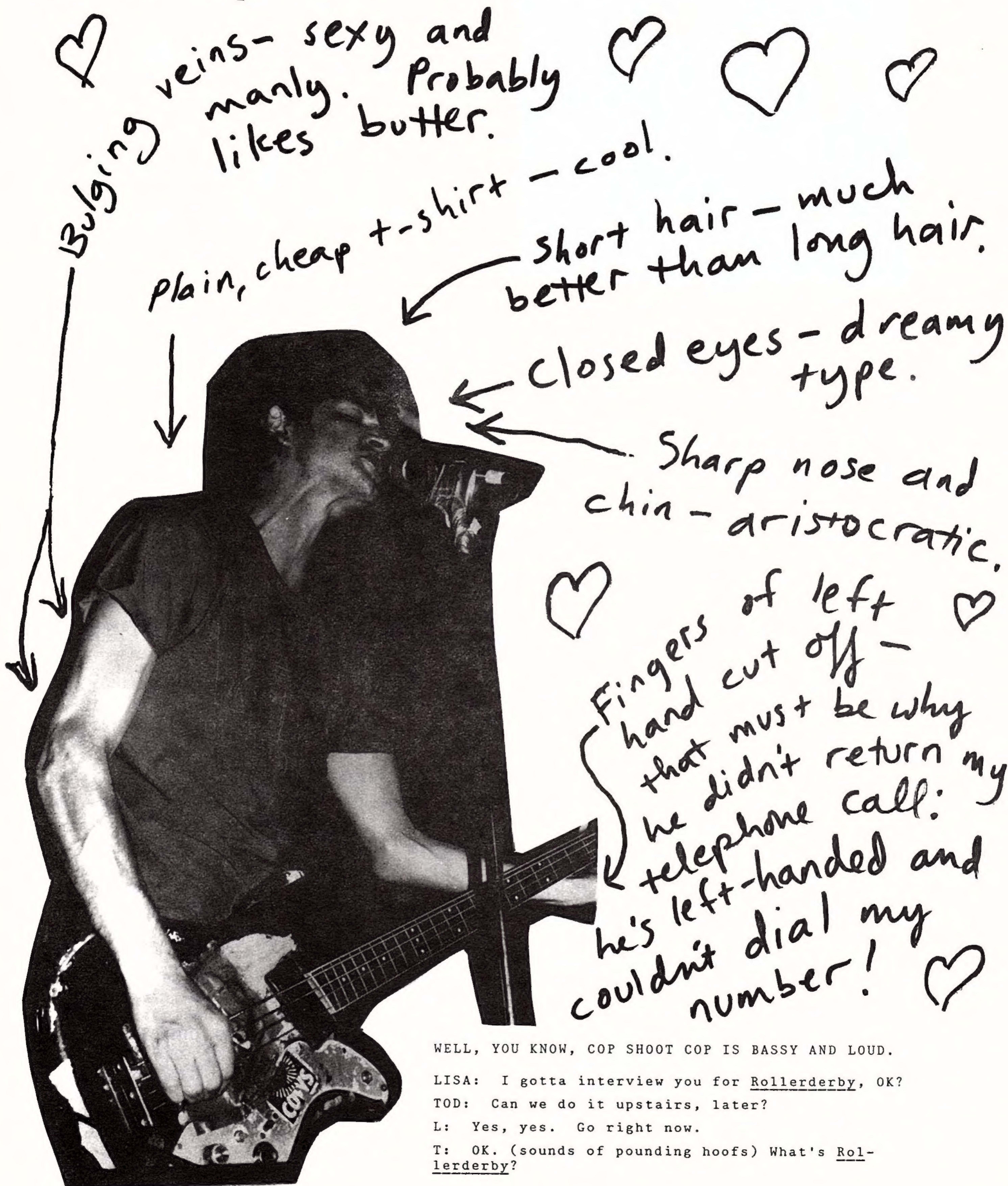
LISA: I have to go pee for the 27th time, sing a little song while I'm gone.

CHRIST: I don't have any little songs. I only have big songs.



LATER THAT EVENING, A BEASTLY GIRL STEPPED ON MY FOOT. I SAID TO CHRISTINA, "I'LL HAVE TO GET IN A FIGHT WITH HER NOW. I LIKE TO FIGHT, BUT I ALWAYS LOSE." CHRISTINA TOLD ME THAT SHE ALWAYS WINS, THEN SHE TOLD THE GIRL SHE WAS A "GREAT DRESSER" (SHE WAS WEARING A BLACK BIKINI TOP WITH A PINK SUITJACKET, JEAN SKIRT, AND BLACK NYLONS). ALL THE GUYS AROUND LAUGHED, AND THE GIRL LEFT ME ALONE AFTER THAT.

T O D T H E B O Y c o p s h o o t c o p



WELL, YOU KNOW, COP SHOOT COP IS BASSY AND LOUD.

LISA: I gotta interview you for Rollerderby, OK?

TOD: Can we do it upstairs, later?

L: Yes, yes. Go right now.

T: OK. (sounds of pounding hoofs) What's Rollerderby?

L: It's my fanzine. It's really good! Here, sit here. Do you like that girl's haircut?

T: No, I don't. I find her annoying.

L: Her dress is kind of annoying.

T: I don't really look too much at people's clothes--it's her personality.

L: What's her personality like?

T: Annoying. Seems high and squeaky for no particular reason.

L: I'm high and squeaky 'cause I can't help it.

T: Maybe that's her problem. But in your case I don't see it as a problem.

(Lisa babbles on about the girl's hair.)

T: I'm not very interested in hair, I guess.

L: Oh, what are you interested in then?

T: (thinks) I guess anything that's fucking with the ordinary confines of what it's supposed to be perceived in, makes people question something.

L: Well, her haircut--

T: (his voice rising just a little bit) Her haircut doesn't make me think of anything.

L: Yeah but her haircut is pretty butch and the rest of her is feminine, so it's kind of surprising. (Tod decides to light a cigarette.) You know, smoking is a horrible habit.

T: Yeah but it's a fun habit. I would recommend it.

L: It's stinky.

T: I'm sorry.

L: Do you know Rachel from Suckdog?

T: No, I don't know Rachel.

L: She told me she saw Cop Shoot Cop play in Philadelphia and you were dressed all in leather and you thought you were hot stuff and you were strutting around on stage.

T: That's what they deserved.

L: They deserved for Tod Ashley to be strutting around in leather?

T: Exactly. And we gave them what they deserved.

(Rebecca has entered and said something about hair.)

L: (to Tod) I'm sorry, I missed that last comment.

T: No, I--(laughs) The world weeps.

L: Because I missed your last comment? Ooh, doesn't he have an attitude? I heard he had an attitude problem, and now I find it's all true. Do you have an attitude problem Tod?

T: Not consciously, no...It's always more fun to piss people off than it is to get them to like you, 'cause most people--you don't want them liking you anyway. And the people that find you interesting for pissing them off are probably better people to know, I find. It's a stupid philosophy, but it's worked for me.

(Lisa agrees, and then goes on about clothes and hair.)

T: Are you familiar with Sassy magazine? I think you guys would go down real well in Sassy.

L: (to Rebecca) I had the hots for this guy. (To Tod) I thought your interview in Ugly American was so good, I did Tod. And then Greg told me that you totally didn't like me, and so I was like, 'Oh well.'

T: I've never met you.

L: Well, so what? You don't need to meet someone to know.

T: How do I know if I like you if I've never met you?

L: Well, and then I found out you were engaged, so that was the corker on the bottle.

COZ: (to Rebecca) I'm glad you're beating me with the stick tonight (in the Suckdog show) and not her.

L: Are you insinuating that I'm intoxicated? I would tell Tod my feelings for him whether I was intoxicated or not--I've been just waiting for this opportunity.

(Rebecca talks about the show.)

L: Wait, wait! I'm trying to put Tod on the spot and you guys are putting it on neutral ground.

COZ: "Well we tease him a lot 'cause we got him on the spot..." I'm sorry.

L: Well, it's too late now--he's had plenty of time to think of something to say by now.

T: Oh, I'm so disappointed your desire for me came and left before I even met you.

L: Well, I found out you were engaged and totally in love with this girl.

T: Well that should just be a challenge.

L: No, no. I'm a nice girl. I like girls. I don't want to try to mess things up for them.

T: (reading Rollerderby) Seems like a fine magazine.

L: Do you want to know something funny, Tod?

T: Sure.

L: Wait, first--(to Walkman) Tod and I are sitting on this tiny little loveseat together. He didn't kick me out into the seat that's right next to me. I'm going to print that so that his fiancée will be jealous. Oh, he's frowning--she'll be happy that he's frowning.

T: I'm reading your magazine.

L: (never getting to the something funny) So Tod, you seem like a nice, polite person. Why do you have such a bad reputation?

T: 'Cause most people are idiots and deserve to be abused.

L: Oh. Do you like me?

T: You're pretty personable.

L: Good. Are you faithful to your fiancée?

T: Yeah. You mean sexually, right?

L: No, I mean in every way.

T: Yeah, we like each other a lot. She's the best person I know.

L: What's she like?

T: Um, pretty wild. Prone to doing dangerous and unpredictable things. For me, fidelity and love are a new experience so I'm really enjoying them.

L: Me too. Isn't that funny? I used to have 2 or 3 or 4 boyfriends all at one time, but now I'm all in love and faithful.

T: (Promiscuity) gets really boring. Supposedly fidelity gets boring, but it hasn't yet. To me, it's made sex much better. It's good to have someone that can be your best friend and you can also fuck them. I used to find that kind of stuff nauseating, but there's two sides of the fence.

L: Can I have some more of your drink?

T: It's gone.

L: No it isn't, it wasn't gone last time.

T: It's gone this time.

L: (accusingly) You finished it.

T: What's that bad, burning hair smell?

L: Where's your cigarette, Tod? Piu! (Tod checks my hair.) Tod touched my hair. I'm telling his fiancée. No, I'm just kidding. I'm gonna go sniff downstairs. (And I did.)



ERIC "UNRELENTING" GAFFNEY

2407 NE 10TH AVENUE PORTLAND OR 97221 USA

QUESTION #1 When I think of Sebadoh, I picture Lou as a big fat genius toad, Eric as a shot of adrenalin coursing through the toad's veins. Did you feel you were a part of the immense Lou, the same way I think Lou felt himself lost in the pop monster J. Mascis? Is that why you left the band?

ERIC: First of all, that speck of dust does not come close to my raw power and unrelenting intensity. He may be a SENTRY, but his castle will crumble. He is sleeping through a great fire. His strong point is the ability to plant swastika flags in his dying gar-

den. I did not leave Sebadoh. I am returning to record my solo album next winter. Lou will be allowed to play simple beats on a few wongs.

Q#2 Who is Johnny?

E: Johnny Colgan is from Northampton Mass. He just threw up in his bed, then in the hallway. We play "Clown Mask Music".

Q#3 What do you do to prepare yourself physically and emotionally for playing live?

E: From now on I will bring a deck of cards to pass the time while waiting.

No matter what I asked for the next six questions, Eric saw fit only to discuss a photo he took of a tomb once and the details of what I presume was his dinner. He did also mention that he would like to have sex with Winona Ryder in a greenhouse.



Illustration:
Matt Jasper

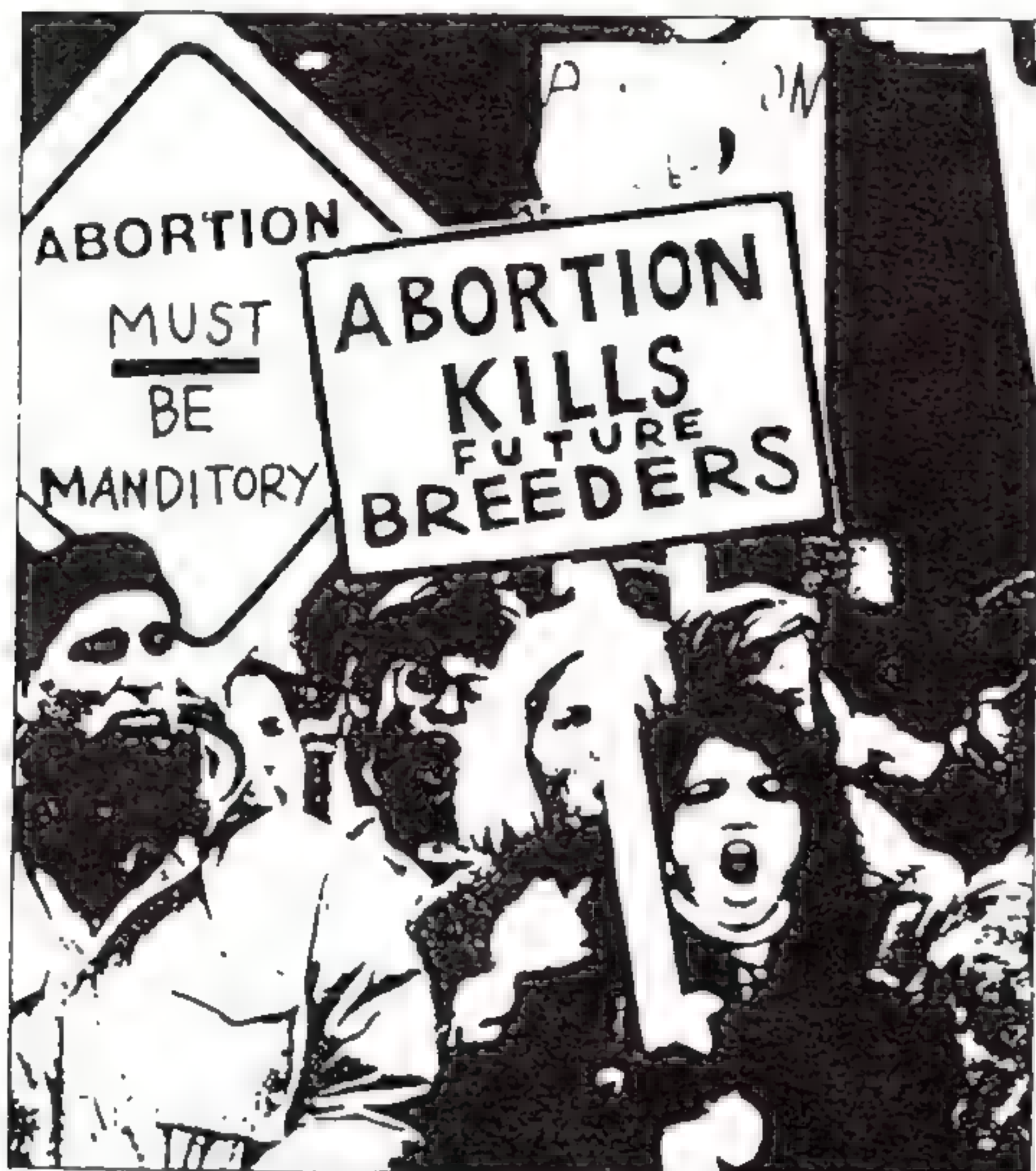
S.C.A.B.

*Society for the
Complete Annihilation
of Breeders.*

from a Kill The Whites pamphlet

Man throws acid
at strolling couple

A couple walking in Scarborough's Bluffers Park had acid thrown on them by a masked man, police say. The woman, 38, and man, 34, both of Scarborough, were attacked late Monday evening, police said. They were taken to Centenary Hospital where they were treated and released, police said.

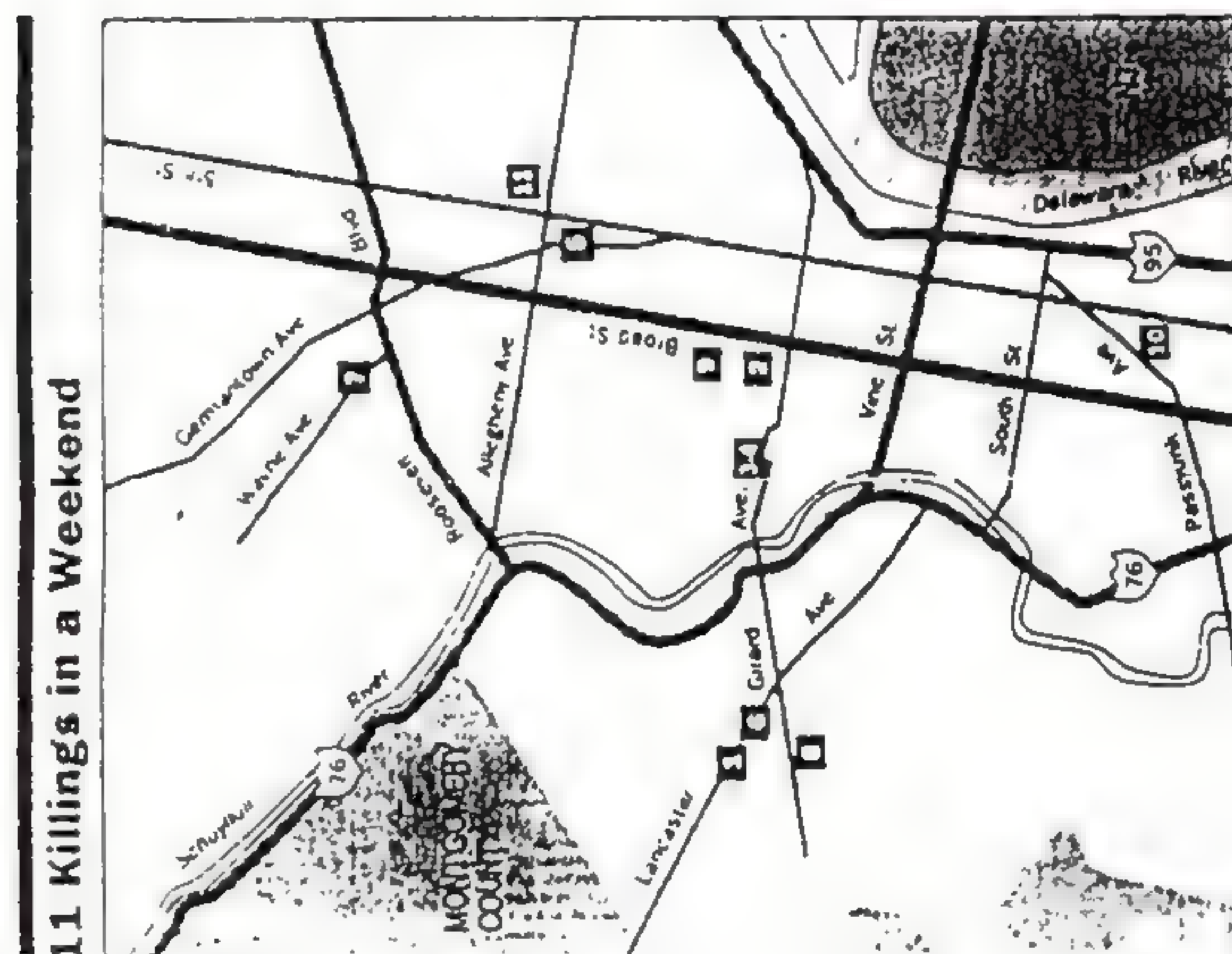


"While to date SCAB has operated quietly from the shadows, we occasionally come out in full force to support a worthy cause."

A man -apparently with no motive- throws sulphuric acid onto the faces of a young newlywed couple in a affluent white neighborhood of Scarborough and then disappears into the night. Downtown, a home made pipe bomb detonates in a crowded bridal boutique causing serious injuries and \$ 200,000 in damage. An hour later, a young white male bible student is savagely attacked in a deserted subway car and barely escapes with his life. Meanwhile, on a tree-lined street in a Toronto suburb, a split-level 3 bedroom bungalow mysteriously explodes. The authorities say it's a gas leak - a freak accident. You can humour them, yes, OR you can believe the truth. The truth is, SCAB exists. A giant multinational conspiracy with participants numbering in the millions, who thrive on the two-fisted excitement involved in overthrowing civilization on a global level. It's a hard story to tell -not an easy one to believe- but then the truth ain't never easy.

WHO are the breeders? The vast majority of breeders are traditional straight-thinking Christian heterosexuals, but be forewarned - your own best friend, your lover, or even you could be a breeder without even realizing it. Persons who are otherwise radical anarcho-homo fags and dykes often break down once or twice a year, shamelessly perpetuating nuclear thinking. Attending the wedding of a sibling or relative, celebrating your birthday, adopting children, going home for Christmas, participating in any sort of religious ritual, - even attending 'gay' church services - are all examples of traitorous anti-Revolutionary activity. Any lesbian or gay individuals who even entertain such thoughts are essentially breeders, whether they like it or not.

This brings us to the often-asked question "Are heterosexuals 'people'?" Technically yes, heterosexuals do occupy human bodies, but for the most part they are far from human. Heterosexuality is without question the most primitive and antiquated form of existence. Their position on the evolutionary tree is somewhere between that of a common garden slug and a cockroach, and, like the cockroach, their sheer numbers and reproductive habits pose a great threat to higher life forms. The time is NOW to take effective action and seize control of our lives from these parasites.



As we move toward a breeder-free environment, the day will come when SCAB International controls the planet. This will occur after the gradual phasing-out of common breeding following the capture and incarceration of breeders currently at large. Once this happens, parthenogenesis - which occurs naturally in most species - will be the primary means of reproduction. Evidence has already been documented of three secret cases of human parthenogenesis involving SCAB lesbians in the last five years. All 3 uncomplicated births took place in artificially simulated heterosexual-free zones.



it is our theory that rather than slowly raise consciousness amongst the enemy, it is much more effective to render our opponents unconscious.

While violence will be virtually unknown in a SCAB dominated society, it is unfortunately the only mode of thinking breeders can comprehend. We must remember that breeders are a most crude species. United with the promise of sexual and physical freedom, we must strike with merciless precision and return twentyfold all the terror inflicted by breeder tyrants on our brothers and sister's throughout the ages.



The Tenant

story and illustrations by Bill Callahan

excerpt

On the first night of J's arrival, we heard him rearrange the discarded crates to his liking in his new attic room. We then listened to him settle down on the smaller crate, using it as a seat after what must have been long days of travelling. What happened next is unclear; we heard a thump that sounded not quite heavy enough to be a fatigued body flopping to the floor but too heavy to be a boot stomped in self-disgust, the former being my guess as to the cause of the thump and the latter being my wife's guess. We debated in an overly-hushed tone and came to the compromised conclusion that the thump was not one but both boots clumping to the floor in exhaustion. My wife began musing on what manner one would be sleeping in to achieve this when our debate was cut short by the sound of our new tenant J's step descending the attic stairs.

I knew what he wanted and rose wordlessly to guide him down the hall to my bedroom. We each grabbed an end of the mattress and slid it aside to reveal the



boxspring. With a few grunting laughs, hoping to provoke--or rather, serve in place of--conversation, I loosely gripped the sides of the boxspring which J held above our heads. He didn't need or want my help, but there was no point at which I could have let go before shimmying the boxspring into the corner of the attic without feeling self-conscious.

I looked at the low, slanting ceiling above his new bed and let out a "tsk", as if he would understand that I was thinking about the probability of his hitting his head on the ceiling beam in the morning. I unconsciously rubbed my head where it would be struck until I caught myself. I turned to leave, rapidly absorbing the manner in which J had arranged the crates that were stored in the attic in order to relate it to my wife. Somehow, the arrangement of the crates told me more about J than the cold, sharp face he chose to project when I first opened my door to him as a prospective tenant. I almost felt ashamed to see the way he'd arranged these humble objects to his liking: small crate chair facing the window, his battered suitcase stashed under the largest crate to conserve space, and in the corner a small burlap sack which he must have pulled from some forgotten nook of the attic to fill with rags to make a rough pillow.

Soon after J settled into his new attic home, the signs of his presence were few and unobtrusive. During the day he was virtually non-existent in either his absence or what I assumed to be sleep or

study. At night, footsteps, cursing and a few muffled, unidentifiable--though familiar through their nightly repetition--sounds were the only details that separated J's sleep from wakefulness. Once a week, J faithfully left his rent on the kitchen counter.

This was largely the extent of J's role in our lives. My wife was pleased. J paid the rent on time and placed no hindrance on her life. This was what she'd stated she wanted from a tenant when we had considered the matter. At the time, I felt in accord with her. But as time wore on, J's unobtrusiveness began to tax me. I tried at first to create some sort of discrepancy with my wife over J's behavior as being somehow unsatisfactory. All of my claims were easily refuted by my wife and I soon realized that my behavior stemmed only from my subconscious hope that J would turn out to be something more than the "perfect tenant" my wife so welcomed.

Because of my work and J's reclusive nature, it wasn't until I became ill that I had the chance to gain insight into J's life and character. Previous to my illness, work wore me down every evening to the point where my curiosity about J's sounds turned to tired indifference or even annoyance when his cursing or pacing became so magnified in my mind as to disturb my small amount of peace.

I began to resent any signs of J's existence and wanted him out of my life forever. "If I have to work so hard, at least I want some quiet, some privacy, not a monster lurking in the attic," turned out to be not so much a complaint lodged against the tenant as one against the drudgery of work. This aggravation soon reached a point as to wear me down to utter exhaustion. I felt like I had been living without truly breathing.

My wife and I usually left for work together, but as I was ill, she left alone on this day. J proved to be quite aware of our habits. Not thirty seconds after the front door closed behind my wife--J supposing it closed behind us both--the first sounds of the day were made on the attic stairs. Soon, the kitchen cabinets were opened and shut, not with the clamor of someone feeling hungry and disappointed with the cupboard's contents, but simply someone exercising his freedom in the empty house. I revelled in these secret sounds for a short while, torn between the fear of being discovered and not wanting to unnecessarily surrender the privileged position I found myself in.

A tightening feeling built in my throat, forcing out a cough that seemed to serve the double purpose of letting J know he was not alone and that the reason for this is that I was sick. I wished that J would interpret my cough as such without needing further explanation just as I had hoped my grunting laughter on J's arrival served in lieu of words.

Having let my presence be known only increased the odd tension I felt between us as J, who had imagined he had extended his private world to the floor below, realized this was not so. I could see a thin sliver of J through the crack in my door. He had been

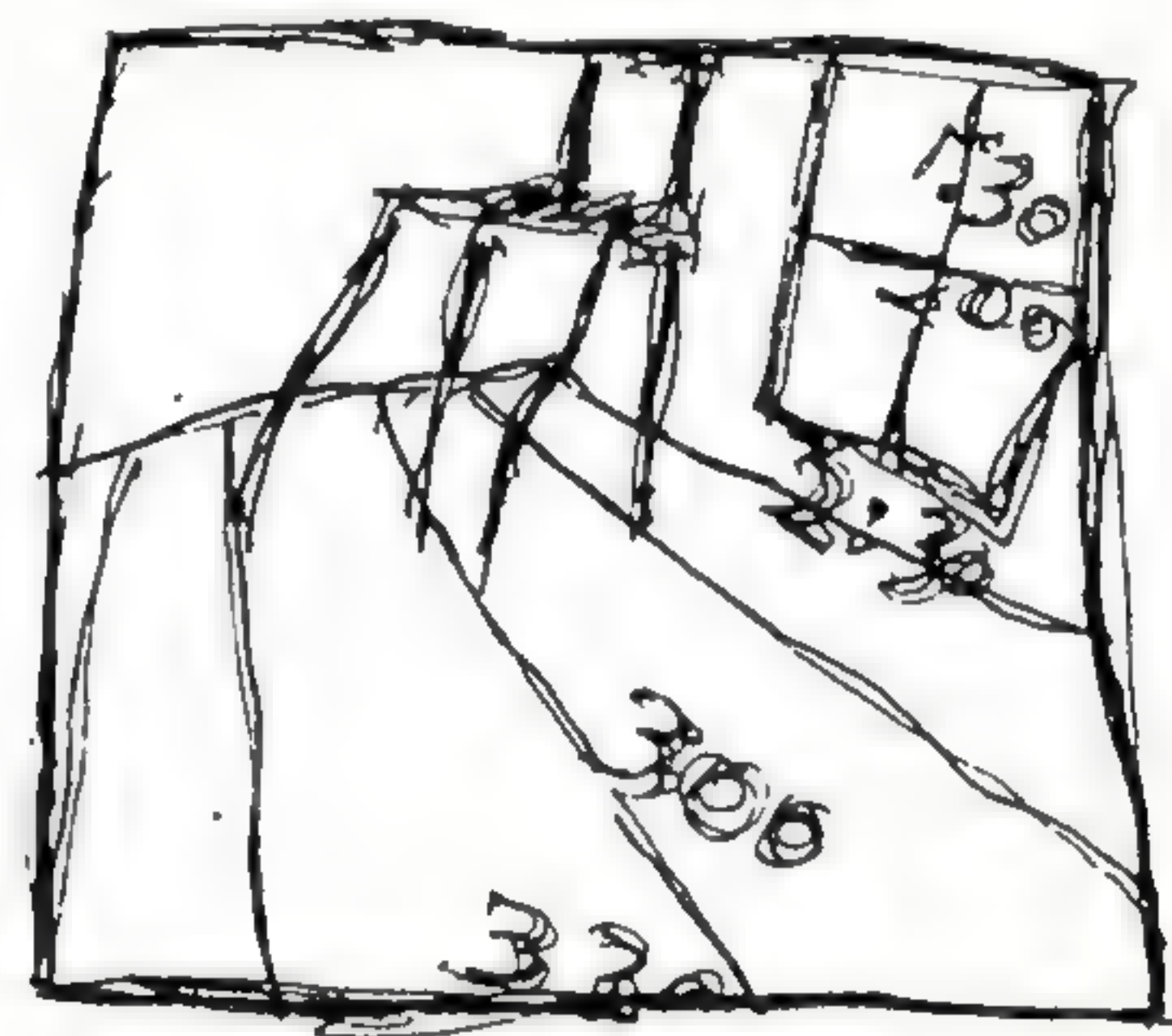
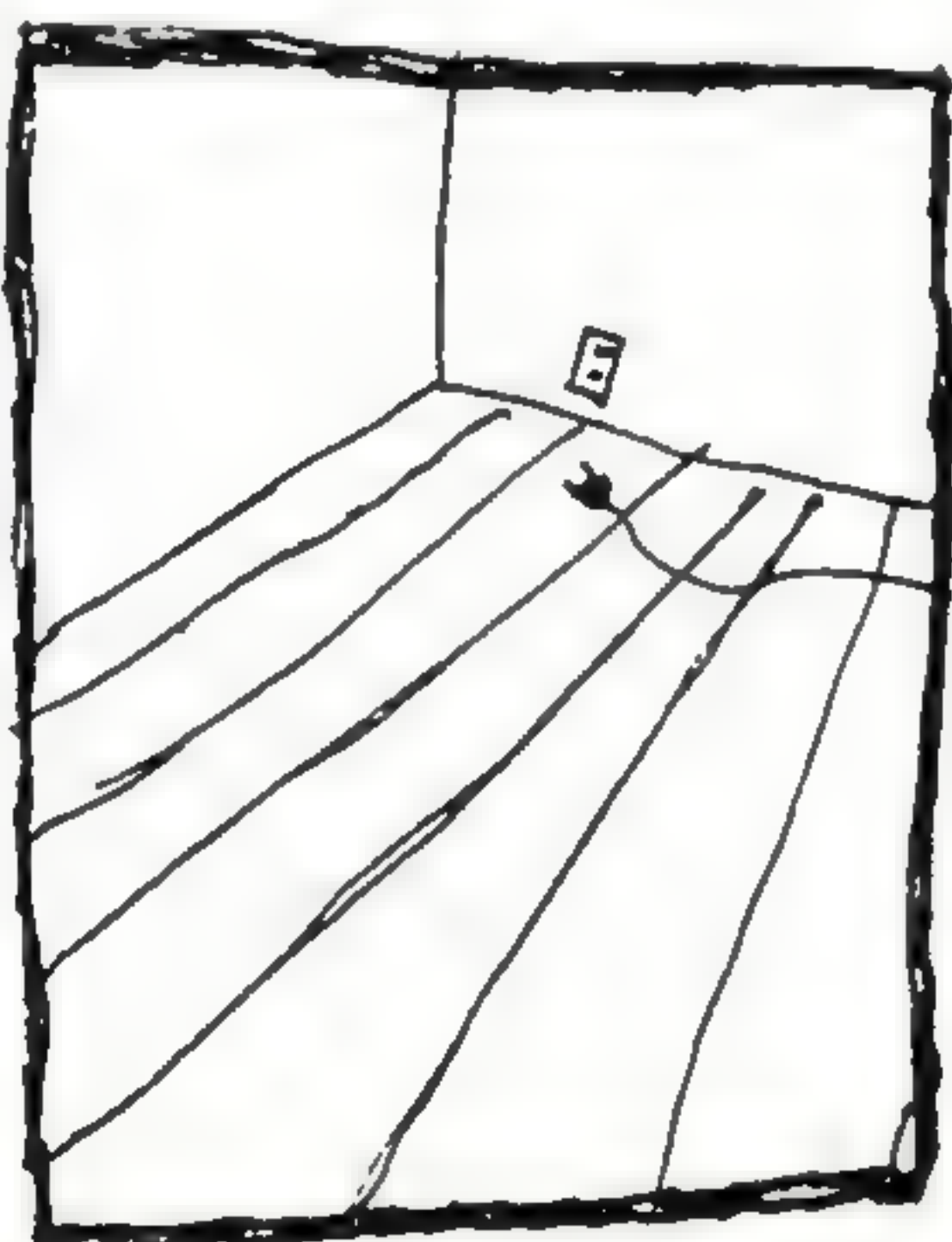
moving back and forth in front of the door, causing the sliver to fluctuate between black and white. Now J moved from the door leaving a strip of blinding whiteness. I stared into the whiteness of the crevice made brighter by the sudden silence. I coughed again, a hesitant, weak and quite obviously--it seemed to me--forced cough. I wished then that I had simply gone to work as usual this morning because my adventures with J weren't unfolding as I'd hoped they would. I wanted at least to get out of bed and show myself to break the spell I felt between us. I wanted to appear absorbed in something other than J's activities on the chance he should open my door but I couldn't even seem to move my hand to flip open the book I held in my lap.

The bedroom door began to tremble gently as if breathing. The white sliver turned to black and then to white again. The door creaked slowly open. Out of the darkness emerged the soft, confident gray head of M our cat. She sauntered into the room, probably with the intention of exploring every corner, then jumping onto the bed for a nap. M's cool confidence faded when she realized there was a human body on the bed. She stared at me for a few seconds, large-eyed. Then the look turned into one of condescending indifference as M carried out her plan to sniff every inch of the room she'd sniffed a thousand times before. M's relaxed determination lent import to her activities and I soon became as absorbed in watching M's exploration as she was in doing it. My eyes tried to trace every movement of her eyes; my head moving, as best it could, like her's. As she was sniffing the cord from the curtains, her

ble as dmaging its smashed guts smeared across the window fills me with revulsion. I can't help returning to the vision, as inescapable as the fly, of the white gristle, the opaque fluid speckled with what I imagine to be a tiny heart, lungs and brain.

Hunger clawed its way up from my belly into my head and arms and was intensified by the boredom of lying in bed for too long. I got out of bed and went into the kitchen. It was a mess. Evidently, my wife had used her solitude to develop some latent habits. There were no clean plates in the cupboards or the dishrack so I began looking amongst the dirty dishes in the sink for a plate that would be easy to clean. But all the plates were caked with dried food that must have been a week old. I lit the stove and began to heat up some milk for oatmeal. Given my wife's newfound sloppiness, I expected to find four or five newspapers from the past week scattered about. But I could find none more recent than the last issue I had read before I had my black-out. I began to be confused as to whether any time had indeed elapsed, or if my illness had been a hallucination. My watch provided small solace: 10 A.M., but no date. It would be a good seven hours before my wife returned from work. I sat down, bewildered, and sank into my food hoping it would give me strength to make sense of this. The oatmeal was too thick, and it only made me sleepy. I dozed on the couch.

I awoke with a start and jerked my watch to my eyes, hoping it would read 5



head stopped moving. She sensed something to her right, at the door. It still stood open about the width of a cat. Through the gap peered J. His face was unreadable. His hands were placed high on the door and grasped it with a tension that seemed out of place. His mouth moved, saying something I could not absorb. My own jaw hung inoperable. I must have blacked out at this point as I remember no more.

A fly lands on the surface of the window and I feel it. I feel it as if I were the window. The fly is inside the room pacing jerkily on the window pane. Its feet tickle me in a sickly manner. I want it to leave, to stop touching me. I think if only it would take my illness away along with the nauseating feel of its feet. The fly does leave the pane, taking my illness on a tether, tracing the dimensions of the square room. I decide to kill the fly. But this is impossi-

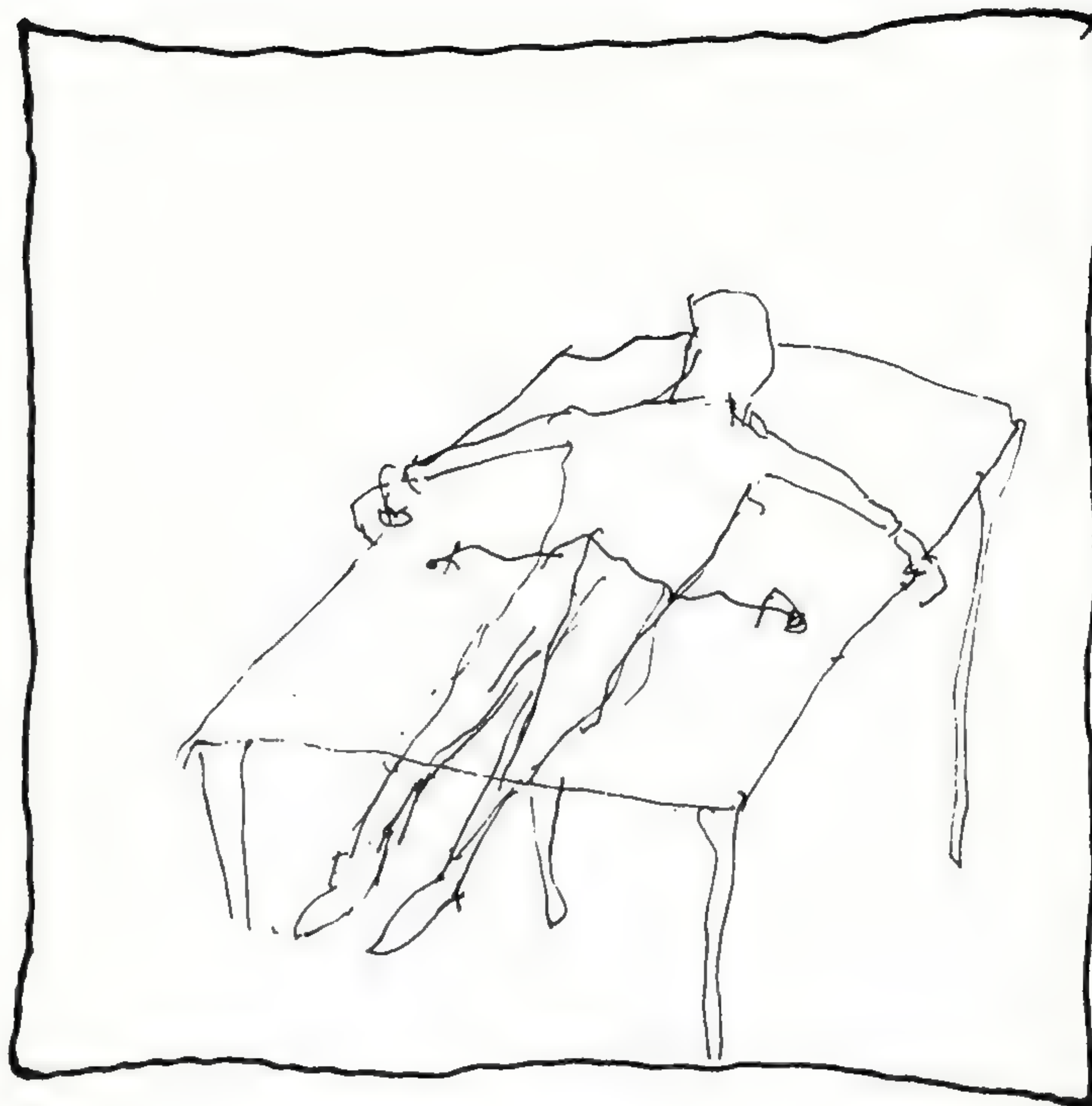
o'clock so my wife would be home soon, but it was only 11:15. If my wife would only come home, I'd be swept out of this world and into her's. I can picture exactly how it would be if she walked through the door right now. She'd start making dinner and cleaning up (or would her negligence continue in this matter?) and tell me about her day's work with the bustle of someone who's been out in the real world all day. Her kiss, her cheeks, her bare arms and neck would be refreshingly cool, smelling faintly of outdoors. I could never understand how her skin could absorb so much of the scent of flowered trees just from the walk from the car to the house. I would return her kiss too slowly, too weakly to be any match for the pace of the world she would be carrying in with her.

The house dwarfed me in its silence, emphasizing my wife's absence. Ironically, I longed to hear the shufflings of J that had so disturbed me before. I heard no

sound from his room so I assumed he was not home. I decided that to explore his room would help pass the time as well as offer some insight into his character.

The door at the top of the attic stairs stood closed and the thought that he could actually be up there, despite the silence, filled me with apprehension. I mounted the stairs, unintentionally noiselessly at first due to my bare feet. Realizing this, I made some scuffling noises as best I could without the benefit of shoes, just as I had coughed while in bed to tell J I was there earlier.

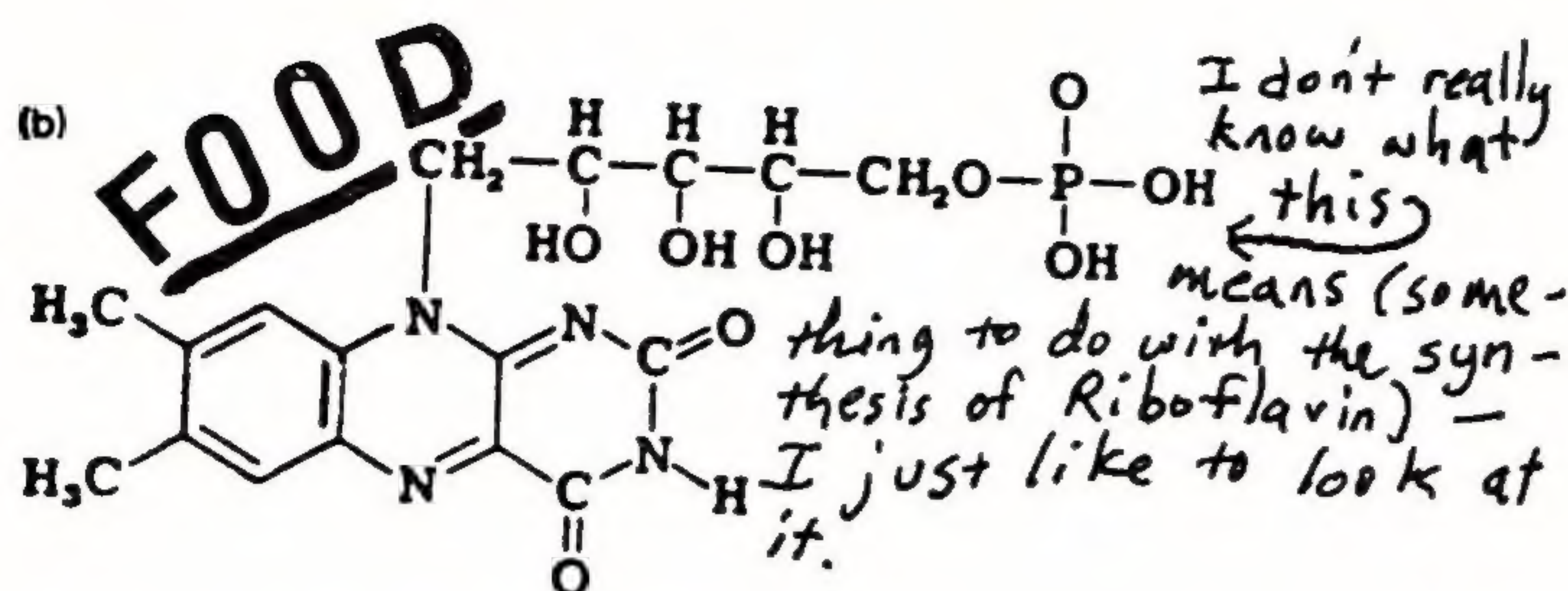
Having made noise, I had to knock, without pause to re-evaluate my actions. There was no reply. I knocked again. Hearing no reply again, I pressed my hot ear to the cold door for any sounds. There were none. Again I was struck by the sinister thought that J could be there, behind the door, waiting. I grasped the handle, opened the door about ten inches and stuck my head through cautiously. I wished that I was carrying a broom as if preparing to perform some innocent task. I examined with my eyes every corner, behind every crate. There was no one in the room. Though the door felt cold to my ear, the room was dry and phenomenally hot. It was also far brighter than I remembered it ever being. Standing there, I had the strangest image occur to me. I saw the rest of the house as a shell, a tortoise shell, that I had been kept in. Sticking my head through the attic door, I felt I was a turtle poking its head out of its shell for the first time in ages. It was with the vulnerability of a turtle stepping wholly out of its shell that I finally padded through the door. My bare feet on the rough attic floor only added to this sensation of extreme vulnerability. Protruding nail heads pinched at me as I walked. Thick dust swirled up and hung on the sun rays. I noticed a pile of notebooks on the desk. Resting my hand on the cover of the top notebook, my movements stopped, my heart pounded in my chest. My head and ears were throbbing, face sweating and itchy from the



closeness of the room. A wave of fear washed over me. My eyes closed. I wanted to stay still until my body became better accustomed to this environment. I slid the notebooks apart, hoping to find from their covers some clue as to what they were about. However, there were no markings, stray nor intentional, on the covers.

It is difficult to explain the chronology of what happened next. I opened the top notebook, the numbers and symbols inside seemed to swarm around the page as if a cup-full of ants had been upset onto the page. I wanted to slam the book shut to contain the ants but at the same time, I held it open in fascination. Throughout all this, I felt somebody behind me. This person's precise moment of arrival was hard to discern. Awareness of this person had been building up within me for some time. The person was J, looking in at me through the crack of the door.





What I Ate This Week:

DAY 1 2½ bowls wheat puffs cereal, 2½ cups espresso, 6 ounces (the whole package) Hershey Kisses, ½ cup raisins, 6 glasses water, ½ glass orange juice, a few bites of tuna, and a bagel with cream cheese.

DAY 2 2 cups coffee, 3 bowls wheat puffs, a peach, 8 glasses water, and ½ cup o.j.

DAY 3 2 cups espresso, a few bites Monterey Jack cheese, a double-dip chocolate ice-cream cone, 4 beers, and 2 bowls wheat puffs.

DAY 4 big cinnamon bun, a few bites of yogurt, ½ piece pizza, lots of water (hot day), and a bowl of Mexican rice w/ corn.

DAY 5 1½ bowls Just Right cereal, a cup of espresso, tons of water, blueberry bagel with butter, rice leftovers, and a banana with peanut-butter on it.

DAY 6 1½ bowls Rice Krispies with banana, many bites (10? 12?) raw cookie dough, and a bowl of noodles and cheese.

DAY 7 back to wheat puffs (2 bowls), cup of espresso, 4 chocolate-chip cookies, 2 glasses apple juice, 2 peaches, and a plum.

The reason I keep on eating just a few bites of things is because I see something, and I think about eating it (almost never because I feel hungry--I never feel hungry), but then once it's in my mouth it doesn't taste like I thought it would, and I think, 'I would rather not have eaten this' and I stop. I always give my boyfriend my leftovers. I'm 5'8" and my weight fluctuates between 115 and 120 lbs. My ideal weight (according to the back of pantyhose packages) is 135. But lots of models my height weigh 5 or 10 pounds less than me. My legs are kind of funny--when I was a kid I was so skinny that my kneecaps moved sideways when I walked, rather than up and down as they should. My lower legs did all the work, and got muscular (I walk a lot), and my thighs stayed skinny. I don't know why all that happened. A doctor explained, but I forget.

School nurses always tried to say I was anorexic because 1.) I never ate lunch (school lunch tastes bad) and 2.) I was on the track team, and I had no fat reserves to last me the long-distant races, and I would collapse at the finish line. But I'm not anorexic. I don't really care about food (except I love my treats)--I just think about it for fun. Everyone I know thinks about food a lot.

I am anaemic though. I like it. I like the starry, smooth, erotic feeling that comes just before I faint. When I drink a lot of coffee, my body doesn't ab-

sorb iron that well and I faint a lot. Besides, I don't eat much food with iron in it, because I hate vegetables and I also hate to think of those poor cows locked in tiny stalls all their life long, with a trough of steroid-laced grain hanging off their noses. I don't know if I believe it when people tell me that's how the cows are kept, but I won't encourage the business by buying the meat until I know for sure that they're out in the fields enjoying the sun and the air. They're stupid animals, sure, but that's all the more reason to let them out to enjoy the weather and their bodies--they can't very well read a book to pass the time while they're locked up.

I read a book about a guy who ate just one piece of rice (uncooked) a day for 19 days. It said he went into a transcendental state. I'd like to do that. But the book also said that if you hypnotize yourself every night and picture your breasts larger, they will grow, but mine didn't.

My mother eats strange food--like she'll microwave a box of dried potato slices with dried cheese sauce on them. She loves soda, which burns my throat like straight whiskey. My father eats big servings of meat 5 or 6 times a day. He says he needs the protein for energy. But he has no energy! So he supplements his protein intake with cocaine. It's funny--my mother's always saying that my generation isn't moral like her generation, but my mother swears more than I, and my father takes more drugs than I ever did, even at the height of my drug-frenzy.

When we were growing up, my best friend Rachel used to fast 3 or 4 days at a time because, she said, it gave her "power". But nowadays, she's not as interested in power, and she's hungry, but she can't eat more than a few pieces of food a day or she starts to get fat because all that fasting messed up her metabolism.

Jean-Louis, my ex-husband, says I have a body like an African girl: small, perky breasts; skinny, straight arms and legs; a plush little tummy; and an ass that sticks out like a shelf. (In some tribes the girls carry stuff on their asses: I saw pictures of it in National Geographic.)

Today I wore shorts and a halter top, and I looked at myself in the mirror and said, "You are just too skinny. You're just a pile of coathangers, and your bones would jab anyone who came near you." But when I went outside, guys were saying stuff like "Can I have your autograph?" and "Boo-oo-tee-ful!", so I guess they didn't share my opinion. I can't stand the way those sickly-looking skinny old fashionable ladies look. I admire the arms of plump women. Nice and biteable. When I gain weight, my ass gets bigger, which is good. When I see a girl with a big ass (not too wobbly, please) I just want to sink my fingers into it. Black girls have the finest butts. -LC

A Few Of My Favorite Things by LCarver



Jane
Russell,
1943.

mean son of a bitch
in
ALLURE magazine.

Natural is out. Allure will tell you about all the best, the haughtiest fake stuff you can buy or do. They recommend sewing "bijoux" into your hair. Their models wear feather boas. The entire staff is obsessive about eyebrows.

They call Madonna's footwear "the most divine professional foot in the world." They call beauty "just about anything." They call Jessica Hahn a celebrity.

They use those bitches Linda Evangelista and Christy Turlington as their main models, but I'm glad, 'cause I need to know what these two women are up to--I need fuel for my fire of hate.

One of the writers tells how for a year she went out with a "humorless, ambitious, semialcoholic poet, determined to die or go mad." Now that's what we want to hear about, not "How Much Does He Love You--The Secret Tests", the He of this Cosmopolitan article surely being some corporate "handsome" somebody. We wanna know about the suicidal weirdo! But we need the Givenchy runway shots too. That's why there's Allure.

THE IRONIC BROTHERS GIBB

The Bee Gees are totally underrated by the underground. I know some people like the Saturday Night Fever soundtrack because it's "campy", but the Bee Gees deserve respect as romantic masochistic poet geniuses with real spirit.

There is a twine of emotional and physical torture running through almost every Bee Gees song, and the Brothers Gibb are always on the receiving end. "You're so good treating me so cruel", "Love ain't such a beautiful thing", "No matter how you hurt me I will love you 'til I die." Andy sings "Shadow dancing, drag me across the floor" Oh my God, that song gets me so hot! "Dra-a-ag me across the floor, uh huh" Oh my. The other three brothers ask themselves, "Whatch doin' there layin' on your back?" You know what these Brothers are doing there--getting abused. Then they give themselves a pep talk--"You should be dancing, yeah" This struggle for optimism is what separates the boys--like Ian Curtis--from the men.

The Bee Gees really understood 21st century melancholia: "When you lose control and you got no soul." The phrase "you're going

nowhere" comes up in two songs--in one, they actually call out for somebody to "help me, somebody help me there (nowhere)." And of course there are those really incredible paranoid lines: "Then I started to cry/which started the whole world laughing...Then I finally died/which started the whole world living/Oh if I'd only seen/that the joke was on me." But the Brother's lively harmonies keep the despair from sinking into sludge.

Another feature of this supergroup is their fantastic imagery. "I am your Hurry King, your fire in the sun" "Your kisses taste like heartache/sweet lies don't give me no rise-on."

How these men's blatant sexual references got past all censors and became #1 hits, I'll never know. I'll give only one example, because after this one, you'll know exactly what I mean. "Fanny, be tender with my love/you know how easy it is to hurt me." (FANNY?!) Then another voice comes on to order "Squeeze into yourself, boy". I don't know exactly what that means, but I do know it sure is dirty.

I love you, Bee Gees.

I say, "Poop in your pants! Poop in your pants!" and squeeze his sides. The first 3 or 4 times, he grunts, the last time I squeeze hard and he makes "Pff+ss!" noises. On exceedingly lucky days he puts a shirt in his pants so I can feel the "dump."



LC

WINONA RYDER and MELANIE GRIFFITH

Female stars are better stars than male stars. Johnny Depp has the same youth, angst, and big black eyes as Winona Ryder, yet he's a pussy and she's glorious! I just pray to God she dumps that guy and the tattoo of her name on his arm will be a searing reminder to him of her independent and superior flight up life, for which he was but a little springboard. (I am not talking about acting ability: I've never seen Winona or Johnny in a movie--I just follow the photos in the magazines, and the image-moves. If I was very interested in good acting, I might like Meryl Streep.) OK, let's

take Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable. Vivien was a vixen, her eyes flashed. Clark was a dandy bully with bulbous ears and a ridiculous grin--big lug. Offstage, he had one love child: Big deal--Vivien had 10 billion lovers. Melanie Griffith is so sexy. That pliant voice drives me wild. The crimson--almost black--nail polish she wore at age 13 looks so devilish. And those silky shirts and loose trousers--the noiseless rustle as she walks, her strange, seemingly sweet face...and then...him. What right does Don Johnson have to be married to Melanie? A Miami has-been, that's all he is. A calendar boy with a different color pastel suit for each month. That silver hair. Yuck-o! I do not care for Demi Moore or Bruce Willis. Demi is a loud-mouth and a bore, but at least she looks like she has class. A smooth-skinned, stretched-tight face and glamorous dresses. Bruce is a slob and a bozo. Imagine him riding her and grunting? Gross. In conclusion, women make better stars than men because, despite their other fine qualities, men just aren't good to look at, they can't wear gowns, they look like pimps when they wear jewelry, and they rarely have grace.

Thank you, that's it.

Amendment: After writing the above, I saw The Silence of The Lambs, and Anthony Hopkins was perfect opposite Jodie Foster. A hot couple! Their's was the relationship that should have developed between sexy Klaus Kinski and his tenant/#1 victim in Crawlspace.

Stairway To Hell by Chuck Eddy (Harmony Books)

I heard of rock critic Chuck Eddy for the first time on a two hour special on WFMU about his new book Stairway To Hell. He was playing all these great songs by people like Suzy Quatro and Kicks (Kix?). I already knew it was OK to like The Carpenters because Bananafish said so, and I knew it was OK to like Abba because their Greatest Hits album was playing at the house of some tough people I visited once, but I didn't know it was OK to like two of my other favorite bands--Lov-erboy and Def Leppard--until I heard Chuck Eddy pontificating on their virtues which I had secretly believed in all along. Mr. Eddy uses the word "hooks" a lot.

So, if anyone wants to know what to get me for Christmas: Stairway To Hell or Claudia Schiffer's Swimsuit Calendar. Thank you.

LOVE CHILD Okay? (Homestead)

Why is it so important to the members of Love Child and various fanzine editors to discuss Rebecca Odes declining my offer to join a Suckdog tour? (Gerard Cosloy even saw fit to put it in his gossip column.) I said no when Rebecca and Alan asked me to sing on one of their songs, and I turned down their record company guy when he asked me to introduce them at the New Music Seminar. Noone finds these stories thrilling enough to ask about during Suckdog interviews.

Some of the songs on this album are pretty good.

COSTES Crack Kiss

* "Definitely" - Tim Mullins

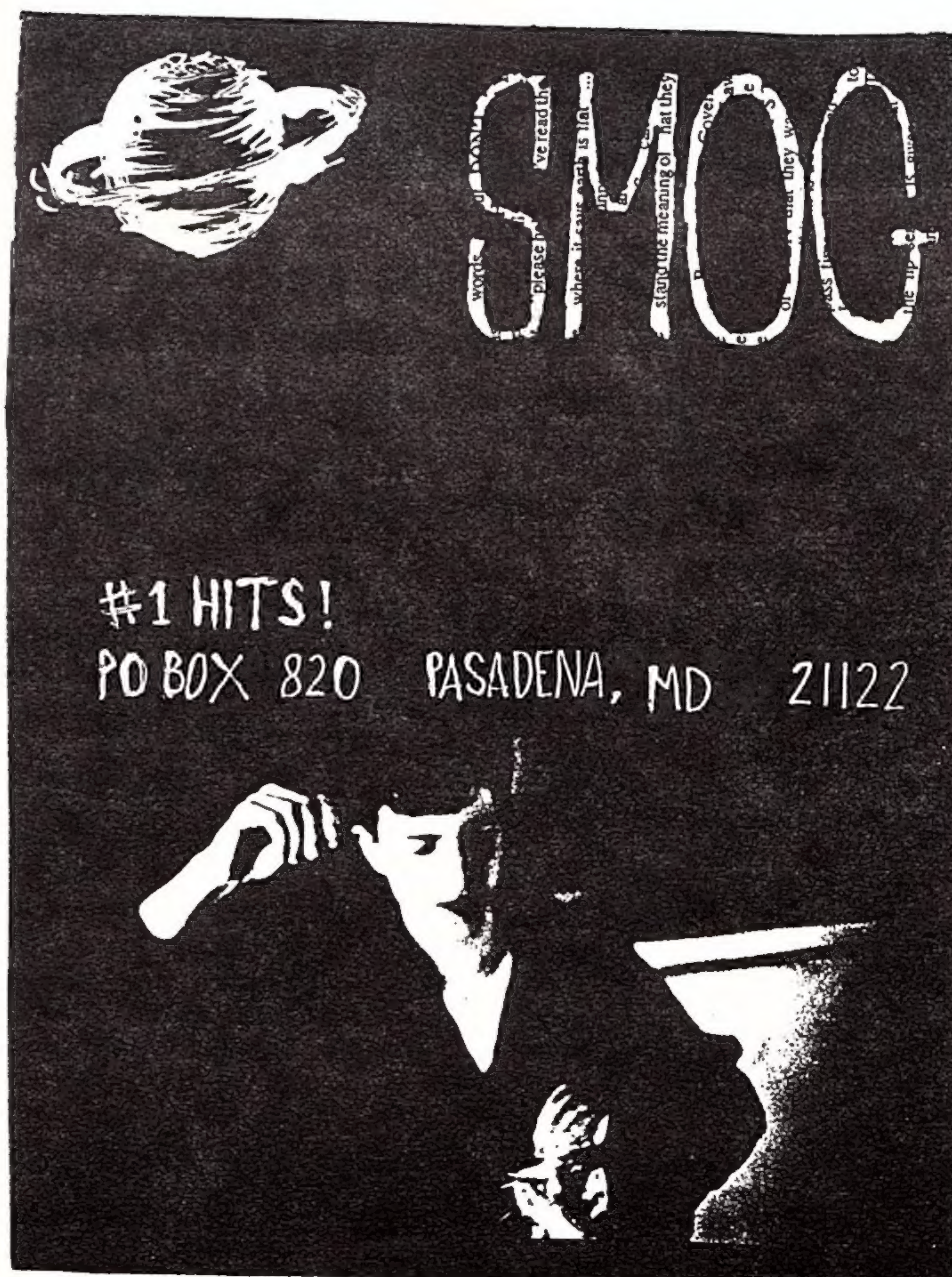
Costes is a horrible man. He is also a thrilling man. He is a misogynist. He is a comedian. He is an adventurer. He is a brilliant composer, though he thwarts his compositions by erasing the best parts and mixing everything into a mess. He is paranoid, aggressive, cowardly, tempermental, and broiling with sexual confusion.

Crack Kiss is the most hateful piece of art Costes has thus far created. Scenes of female whoredom and betrayal (by Lydia Zamm as thieving prostitute, Darlyne as cruel ghost) are accompanied by Costes' anti-woman songs. "Do what I want and then leave me alone, leave me alone bitch, bitch bitch bitch...I'm a snail and I don't need the slut...I've been in love, OK, but I've got so much shit now I know, and I won't do it anymore..." etc., etc., etc. But, as you may have guessed, the above are the words of a true (suffering) romantic, as is revealed by the closing lines: "Oh Cunts, this is not the end/I'm afraid/Everything is coming back again/I must say I want you so bad/I lie because I'm so afraid I lose/The dream is not over."

Highlights of this movie include: talented Chet Mazur (three sheets to the wind) kissing and slapping a mosaic face, Costes' really inspired dancing, and bizarre camera angles (chin to knee shots were a favorite.)

On the downside are the crawling pace and the scum rock overtones. What made Costes get into the cigarettes/Budweiser/crack/prostitute blowjob/burning of pubic hair/New York City thing?

(37 minutes. \$15 from Lydia Zamm/POBox 2273/Peter Stuyvesant Station/New York, NY 10009)



ESCAPE FROM

GRAVITY:

Hang-gliding, scuba-diving, and Royal Trux

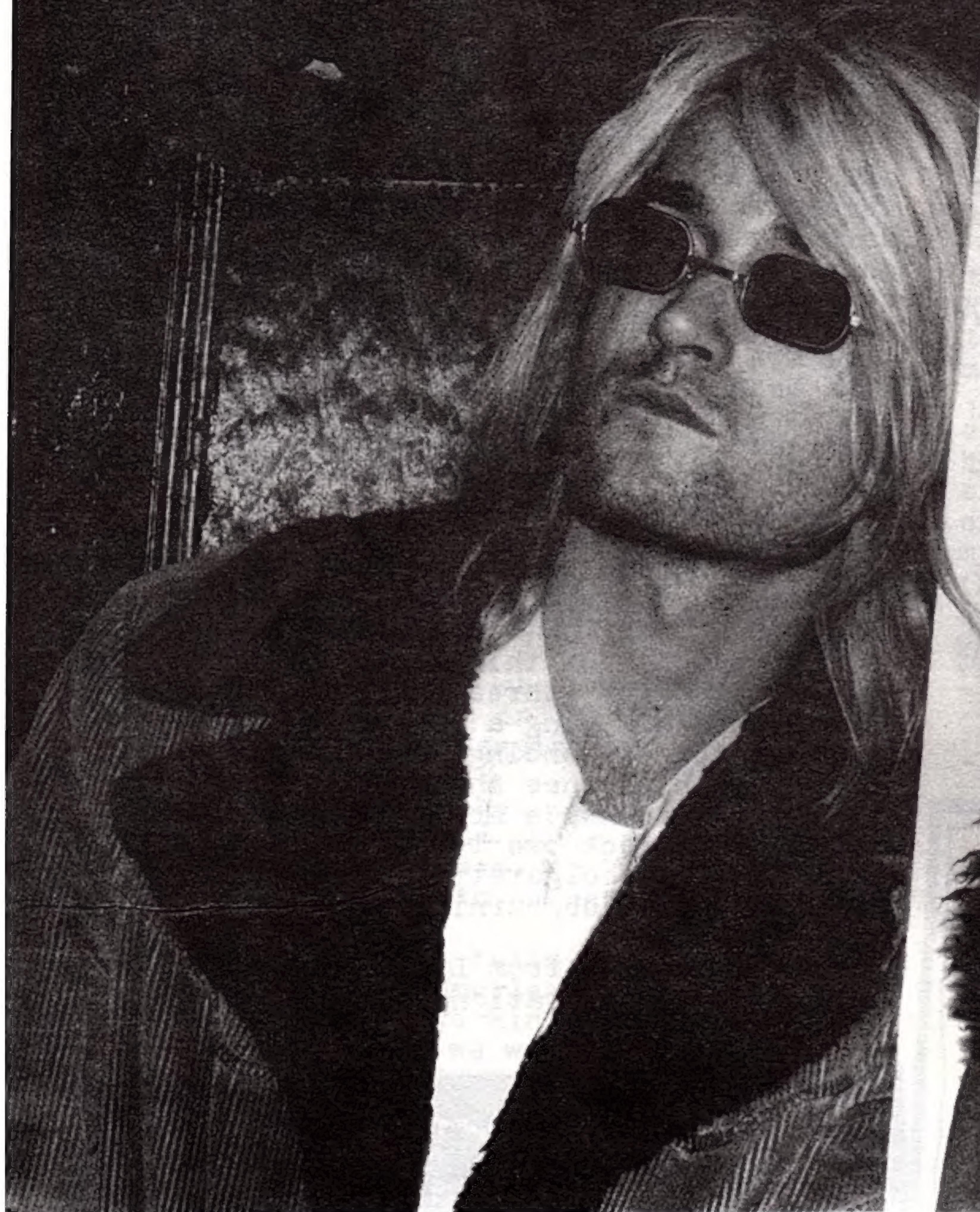


photo Dan Osborn

Wild Jennifer Trux / in the city /
Chapped lips thick / cracked lipstick /
Put a little bit of city / right in
your mouth.

- SMOG "Wild Jennifer Trux"

The Music: spacey, disorganized, disorienting. Keyboards and guitar and many effects. Galaga video game and Dr. Who theme song. Although many musicians that take a lot of drugs make bad music, musicians that make good music usually take a lot of drugs, and when they stop taking drugs their music often remains basically the same but loses its special something. Mind- and adrenalin-altering substances cause one's body to surge ahead or fall behind the pack, and one's head to rise above or sink below others' thought processes. If what the magazines say is true, these Royal Trux take tons of drugs. And they make great music.

The Voices: wailing or guttural, tough or lost, droning or even more droning. Tina Turner on 'Sleepless Nights' or Leslie Singer. Sounds like a fabric that's decaying. "Jennifer is sort of a Neil Jr. now," says Miss Hog; she could also have said that Neil

is sort of a Jennifer Jr. People say they (N. & J.) think and act alike, and their singing and playing styles are virtually inseparable to my ears.

The Lyrics: 4/5 indecipherable. Swimming up to the top are the following words: ...in our future, yeah yeah hey hey, Jupiter, pistol, ice-cream, uaaaaawlh.

The Art: a mess. A million things to look at. Weird. Like Milo Reice.

The Artists: Neil Hagerty and Jennifer Herrema are unreal. They seem to be mystics or ghosts or dreams. Their record label guy is frustrated that Neil won't give him his phone number--he doesn't want to be "interrupted." What does he do that he doesn't want interrupted? Neil won't say. The whereabouts of Neil and Jennifer are also a mystery. Some people say they live in New York, some say San Francisco, some say Virginia. Some say they live together; others, apart. Their friends don't receive answers when they write them, neither did I when I tried to interview them. Maybe all this is explained by Neil when he sings "Noone likes to answer questions." He's wrong; a lot of people like to put answers everywhere, just not the Royal Trux.